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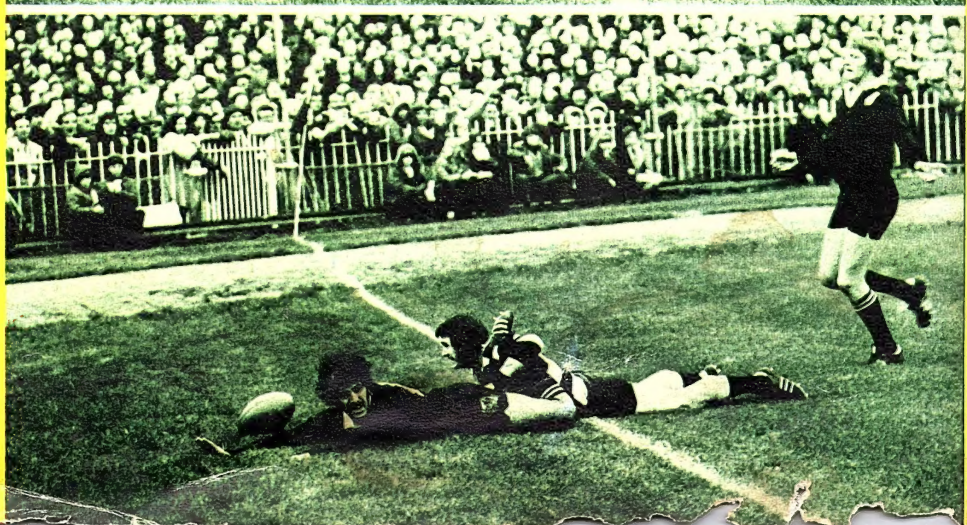
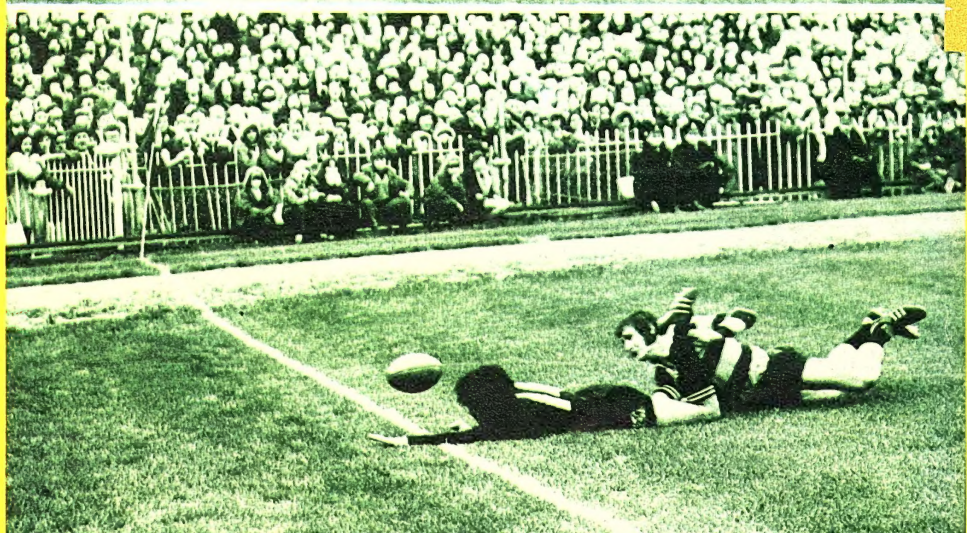
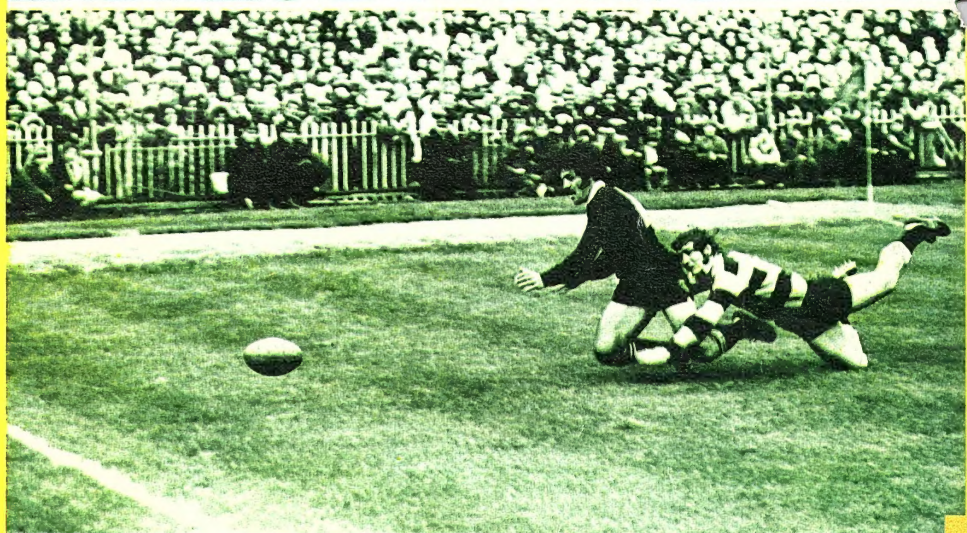
**ARE BRITISH
REFEREES
INCOMPETENT?
asks N.Z. test
match referee**

★

***All Blacks
need a
back leader!***

★

**Young N.Z. team
being subjected
to all manner
of provocations**





Watch for . . .

"KIRKY'S ALL BLACKS"

**A snappy, illustrated review of the New Zealand rugby team's
tour of Britain/France by Hedley Mortlock and Peter Bush**

**FIRST VOLUME OUT ON DECEMBER 18 (and including
the Welsh and Scottish internationals).**

● An A. B. D. CLARK publication.

SPORTS DIGEST

Dec., 1972 ★ Issue 284

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Cover photographs by Peter Bush

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ALL BLACKS on tour



By guest columnist **HEDLEY MORTLOCK**

Sports Editor of 'TRUTH'

AS THE first scrum went down only moments after the commencement of the New Zealand v. Cardiff rugby game on Cardiff Arms Park, the All Black flank forward Alex Wyllie was slow to get up to it. He seemed hurt.

"What's wrong?" asked his captain, Ian Kirkpatrick.

"I've been planted," said Wyllie.

So Cardiff already had declared war. It had not taken them long. Just a few seconds. And what followed for the next 79 minutes was distressing. It was a blot on rugby, on the once great and famous Cardiff club, on the All Blacks and on the Cardiff players. Barry John said it was worse than the Canterbury v. Lions game 18 months before. Both Bob Duff and Ian Kirkpatrick admitted it was a lousy game.

Mark Sayers and Bruce Robertson, a couple of kids who normally wouldn't harm a fly, found themselves swinging in retaliation. Kirkpatrick charged 30 yards for the All Blacks' first try while back at halfway three Cardiff players took to Batty (5ft 5in and eleven stone) and Murdoch (certainly larger) with their fists.

Burgess punted high and Matheson, in his haste and eagerness to get under the ball, misjudged the flight and charged into Robinson. The Cardiff lock reacted with a right uppercut to the face. Matheson was out like a light and off in a stretcher. Robinson (in an act of guilt?) tore off his head band.

Bryan Williams, held without the ball, lashed out in frustration. The crowd on Cheapside, in the standing room enclosure under the new Arms Park stand, threw back their heads and yelled "Off, off, off," like so many parrots.

Williams turned in cover-defence and went down in a tackle. He was struck by a boot and did not get up. The crowd bayed with delight. A beer can was thrown. Then a toilet roll. Batty was given a try in the corner. The crowd disagreed with the decision and took it out on Joe Karam as he lined up the conversion attempt. Two apples came over the top and landed near the All Black full-back.

Edwards slipped through the New Zealand defence down the blindside. Robertson fractured his thumb as he lunged at Edwards's face. Edwards scored, and as he layed exhausted on the ball, he was, in referee Jake Young's words, "man-handled by an All Black."

New Zealand thus were penalised back at halfway and full-back John Davies hit the upright. It was his best kick of the match but still his fifth miss.

There had been tremendous pressure on the Cardiff players to do well in the match. Carwyn James had talked to them and showed them film of the All Blacks' defeat by Llanelli. The Welsh national team coach Clive Rowlands had talked to them and so had the director of Welsh coaching, Ray Williams. It would have been no surprise if Charles, the Prince of Wales, had been called in to address the troops before battle.

Cardiff took the match so seriously, in fact, that they even held their training sessions in secret, as photographer Peter Bush and I discovered when we were politely asked to leave Sophia Gardens, a public domain, on the Wednesday before the game.

By the Saturday night, all the fruity and flowery words spoken at the dinner about the wondrous Cardiff club and its traditional bonds with New Zealand, went gurgling into the River Taff, drowned out for good and all by the booing, slow-handclapping, mad, jeering crowd in the noisy cauldron that people still dare call Cardiff Arms Park.

So much for tradition. So much for friendly rivalry. So much for rugby football. The sick elements of British professional soccer—the petty obstruction of the players, the downright bad manners of the fans on the terraces—have invaded Welsh rugby.



BRIAN LOCHORE was the last, and one of the few, specialist All Black No. 8 forwards (he is seen here detaching from the scrum and linking with half-back Chris Laidlaw in South Africa in 1970). The present incumbent, Alan Sutherland, has played 25 matches for New Zealand (excluding the internal and current tours this year) and has made only 10 appearances as No. 8, being at lock 11 times and on the flank four times.

THE 'NUMBER EIGHT'—THE NEGLECTED POSITION IN NEW ZEALAND RUGBY

NEW ZEALAND selectors have frequently picked players for tests in other than their accustomed positions. Since the war, the No. 8 berth has been almost constantly tampered with in this fashion. In that time 43 players have filled in as No. 8 and have yet made an All Black test pack in some other slot at varying times. Only three, Lochore, Conway and Graham, have managed to play four tests on end at No. 8 in a period of inconclusive shuttling of talent.

In 1949, four men were unsuccessfully tried at No. 8 to combat the marauding Muller. Flanker Bob Stuart began his test career in 1949 at No. 8. That year, New Zealand rugby enjoyed an unprecedented luxury of six international No. 8s.

After four tests between 1953-55 as a flanker, Peter Jones inevitably graduated to

By BRIAN DIVE

No. 8 in 1956, reverted to the side of the scrum for two tests in 1958, then into the back row again for the last test in '58 and the first in '59 to retire in 1960 after another test as breakaway.

Better than that, Ian Clarke made his international

debut in 1953 as a prop, then in 1955 rose to the dignity of All Black captain as a No. 8 before finishing in the next nine years back in the front row.

Lock Nev MacEwan played his first test in 1956 at No. 8. Others to feature in this shuttle series include "Tiny" Hill (flanker, lock, No. 8); the same combination for

OPPOSITE PAGE:

Yes, that's Hennie Muller, the prototype of the modern specialist No. 8, who completely wrecked the 1949 All Blacks' patterns of back play and brought a new dimension to the game.



Stan and Colin Meads; Kel Tremain, flanker and No. 8; Keith Nelson, flanker and No. 8.

John Graham's career panned out with ten appearances at No. 8 and 12 as flank forward. The 1961 No. 8 Victor Yates alone survived a total of three tests during this era without being asked to deputise somewhere else in the pack.

It might be argued that these selectorial hiccups point to the unique versatility of All Black forwards. The obverse of that coin is that they really point to a partially disguised lack of genuine back-row expertise.

This is further borne out by the fact that when a top-class No. 8 appeared in Brian Lochore, he played 24 tests without being monkeyed about until he was called out of retirement to plug up the lock situation last year.

Others might say that New Zealand rugby took a long time to come to grips with No. 8 play because it was forced onto us following the obsessive efforts by the British to remove the wing-forward from the game.

If this was so, the major crises should have been felt from 1932, when Tom Metcalfe turned out as the first New Zealand No. 8. But this was not the case.

In 1935, No. 8 Athol Mahoney played in all tests on the tour of the British Isles and Alan Parkhill was No. 8 in the six tests immediately preceding the war.

Maybe the impact of Hennie Mullerism in 1949 disjoined our selectors' thinking. In that case, why did they select Peter Johnstone at No. 8 for three tests against the Lions in 1950 when he had been removed from that role following the Second Test in South Africa in 1949?

The inescapable conclusion is that New Zealand selectors and/or coaches do not understand the true role of the No. 8. The history of post-war All Black selectors appears to lay more emphasis upon the 'last man down' being a bracket binding the scrum together.

By way of contrast, the South Africans apparently see the No. 8 as the specialist loose forward who is expected to be ubiquitous. Despite this difference of emphasis, it is ironical that the South Africans have a better reputation than the All Blacks as scrum-magers.

In line with traditional thinking, Hennie Muller sees the first essential of No. 8 play as fitness: "The number eight in rugby must be fitter than the rest of the team.

Within seconds he is an attacker and defender, or vice versa."

This was not noticeably the case with the All Black No. 8s in the tests of 1971 and 1972. Following Lochore's retirement, All Black back-row play has, perhaps not surprisingly, gone backward. What is distressing, though, is that our rugby is starting to reflect the situation prior to 1965, when illogical No. 8 selection was the rule rather than the exception.

In 1970 Alan Sutherland went to South Africa selected as a No. 8. He played in two tests—as lock. In 1971, he played once as No. 8 before he was injured and out for the season, in 1972 all three tests as No. 8.

On his showing to date, he is a great forward on attack who is most effective around six or seven in the lineout. But so far, a big question mark hovers over his concept of, and ability to carry out, the defensive role of a No. 8.

Untidy work by him on defence in Dunedin last year led to the Lions' only try. His clumsy attempts to back up Morris in the Australian tests this year were more of a hindrance than a help to the All Black full-back.

When Sutherland was injured last year, Alex Wyllie assumed the No. 8 mantle. He was not a success. His showing against the Lions in the Third Test at Athletic Park was one of the disturbing features of that shocker.

Fortunately he has eliminated the frantic irresponsibility which sometimes marked his rucking in South Africa, but he was too polite and ineffective against the likes of Mervyn Davies in the line-out.

The traditional "corner-flagging" and support for the ball-carrier on attack was lacking. His late arrival at those rucks showed either lack of fitness or indifferent anticipation and positional play. It may be significant that this year he has been selected to tour as a flanker.

Whether Bevan Holmes is the right answer is debatable. He went to South Africa in 1970 as a flanker and actually played once at lock. Now he goes away as a No. 8 but his nondescript final trial revealed that he, too, is unproven at international level in this role.

Since tour manager Ernie Todd was himself an outstanding No. 8 in the late 1930s (*Sports Digest*, October), Sutherland and Holmes should now be benefitting from his experience, provided the tour selectors are allowing them to by not chopping and changing them about.

"WE'LL PLAY JOE SOAP AT NO. 8"

AMONG the 43 players who so far have taken the field in the No. 8 position for New Zealand since World War II, one notes the presence of no fewer than ten specialist locks (Budd, McHugh, Kevin Meates, Bagley, Hill, MacEwan, Burke, Smith, Colin and Stan Meads) and three props (Clarke, Whineray and Christian), not to mention numerous regular flankers like McNab, Oliver, Pickering, Nathan, Tremain, Kirkpatrick, Wills, Lister, etc.

When the 1949 All Blacks were desperately trying to counter the Springboks' No. 8 menace, Hennie Muller, who brought new dimensions to the game, they fielded a different No. 8 in each of the four tests—in order, Thornton, Johnstone, McNab and Christian.

On the 1960 tour of South Africa, the All Blacks fielded no fewer than six different number eight forwards (Burry, Conway, Graham, Gillespie, Colin Meads and Whineray).

Three years later, they again used six in Britain and France (Lochore, Stan Meads, Barry, Nelson, Whineray and Tremain, the latter playing six times on the back of the scrum although he is widely regarded as the greatest specialist flanker the game here has known).

The 1953 All Blacks in Britain and France had used five No. 8 forwards (Stuart, McCaw, Bagley, Ian Clarke and Oliver).

And lest it be thought that this is a post-war problem, this dithering with the back row of the scrum as though it were a throwaway position that didn't really count, on the All Blacks' tour of Australia in 1938, in the first five matches New Zealand fielded as many different men at No. 8—Claude Williams, Jim Wynyard, 'Snow' Bowman, Bill Carson and Alan Parkhill.

And they'd used six in Britain in '35: Hugh McLean, 'Did' Vorrath, Cyril Pepper, Jim Wynyard, Athol Mahoney and Jack Best.

"Joe Soap's a good forward we can spare from the rest of the scrum; we'll play him at No. 8," seems to be the idea, ex-

cept in those periods when the current All Black captain happens to be a specialist No. 8, and Brian Lochore are not on hand every day.

It all tends to support the theory that here is one position which, just so long as it is filled by a forward of ability, no matter from what part of the scrum he is taken, does not induce among New Zealand selectors much consistent or lengthy thought.

The 43 in (order of their appearances in the No. 8 position) are:

Jack Finlay
Alf Budd
Neville Thornton
Roy White
Peter Johnstone
Lachie Grant
Des Christian
Bob Stuart
Jim McNab
Morrie McHugh
Graham Mexted
Bill McCaw
Hugh McLaren
Kevin Meates
Ian Clarke
Des Oliver
Keith Bagley
'Tiny' Hill
Nev MacEwan
Peter Jones
Peter Burke
Alan Soper
Rex Pickering
Colin Meads
John Graham
Dick Conway
Hugh Burry
Dave Gillespie
Wilson Whineray
Victor Yates
Keith Nelson
Waka Nathan
Brian Lochore
Kevin Barry
Stan Meads
Kel Tremain
Ian Kirkpatrick
Murray Wills
Alan Sutherland
Tom Lister
Alan Smith
Alex Wyllie
Bevan Holmes



JEFF MATHESON, the All Black prop, is carried off Cardiff Arms Park concussed after being felled by a punch from a local forward. And Cardiff at the same time were awarded a penalty kick by a referee who did not see this incident because he was too keen on spotting a New Zealand technical illegality.

BRITISH REFEREES:

Are they incompetent?

Asks PETER McDAVITT, N.Z. test referee

THIS is the question which is now being asked with increasing urgency by rugby followers as, with masochistic fervour, we

awake in the wee sma' hours—or never go to bed, in the first place—in order to listen to the All Blacks' matches in Britain.

As each game progresses, the strangeness to New Zealand eyes of some of the decisions of British referees indeed raises the question, "Are the referees competent?"

To answer such a question, one must first understand the type of game being played and the tactics of each of the teams involved. So to set the stage with fundamentals . . .

For many years, New Zealand rugby has been based on what is called 'second-phase play'. Set play (scrums, line-outs) is regarded as a means of getting the game started once more and the assumption is made by most players and coaches that from set play, where each man marks his opposite, it is difficult to beat a man and penetrate the defence.

Therefore a new (second) phase of play is created so that *their* team will have one less player in position than *our* team has. Thus our back-line will be able to run through the gap and penetrate the defence.

In post-war New Zealand football, this second phase of play has been created usually from the ruck. Vic Cavanagh's Otago teams used second five-eighth Ron Elvidge to create a ruck from a tackle and then have the ball delivered to the half-back by the feet of all eight forwards.

Fred Allen's teams developed their play from a change in the tackled-ball law and so second five-eighth Ian MacRae created a tackle from which the ball was delivered to the half-back by the hands of the loose forwards.

Top New Zealand coaches Ted Griffin, John Stewart, Bill Freeman, Eric Watson and others have all used this basic pattern with individual variations. But *all* have demanded that the ball be available *quickly* and so catch opposition players out of position by the very speed of play.

'Home Unions' rugby, on the other hand, bases its assumptions on set play and not on second-phase play. Because of faulty rucking techniques and slow ball delivery, they prefer to attack from set play. (The three-full-back tactic using the ball from poorly directed kicks, developed by Carwyn James's 1971 Lions, is the exception.) Attacking from rucks and mauls is rare, therefore.

The tele-spectator can now see the difference in emphasis with coaches and players. In the 'Home Unions', the second-phase play of rucks and mauls is regarded as of little value and is largely ignored.

But set play of scrums and lineouts is very important for

SINCE they first stepped onto British turf, the All Blacks have been heavily penalised by British referees. They have, of course, committed some infringements against the laws which any referee would recognise and penalise. But the team is also smarting over the frequent incidence of penalty kicks against them for merely doing what they have always done at home and elsewhere, and which the laws appear to permit. And the British players, unchecked, continue to obstruct like experts. What is going on? Is the competence of British referees in question? To answer these questions which must be acutely taxing the team and its management, *Sports Digest* asked the New Zealand test match referee, Mr Peter McDavitt, of Wellington, to give his expert opinion on the situation as he has been able to assess it per medium of television, radio, and the press.

they are where attacks are launched from (Exceptions: Carwyn James's Llanelli team, John Dawes's London Counties team).

In New Zealand, coaches and players regard the set pieces of lineout and scrum as being of lesser importance as an attacking proposition than the opportunities of attack from the creation of second-phase play from rucks and mauls. These are of great importance, especially if the ball is available quickly.

It is this attitude to the "right" way of playing the game which the British public applies—and the British press especially.

"We know you won (sour grapes?), but you won it by physical means (rucks, mauls) and not by playing 'proper' rugby."

Presumably there is no physical contact in scrums and lineouts.

THIS ATTITUDE COLOURS THE THINKING OF THEIR REFEREES AS WELL.

The laws of rugby state 142 different situations when penalty kicks may be awarded for major infringements and 51 different situations when scrums may be put down for minor infringements.

Clearly, it is undesirable for a referee to enforce *all* these laws in any one game of eighty minutes, especially since sixty lineouts have to be fitted in as well!

So the art of being a good referee is to see all infringements but to be *selective* in whistling the infringements of greater importance which prevent players from playing the game without frustration. Referees then apply the advantage law to infringements which are regarded as of lesser importance.

WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF 'HOME UNIONS' REFEREES?

It is clear that they regard infringements in ruck and maul as of lesser importance, since their expectation is to move from one piece of set play to the next. Thus, lying on the ball and offside are the sign, not for a penalty, but for another scrum.

Similarly, their lack of both practice and experience at refereeing rucks and mauls mean that time and time again the whistle is blown as the ball comes out. (What would you do if this happened so often in the game you were watching?)

However, infringements in lineout and scrum are 'major' and must be penalised. Lineout blocking, often ignored in New Zealand, is seriously penalised in Britain, as are all other lineout infringements.

The lineouts don't appear to be any better, though. In the scrums, half-backs and hookers come in for a large share of the penalties as well.

It will not have escaped the attention of tele-spectators that the number of penalties awarded are in the thirty-plus bracket in most games. In some, the total has been in the forties!

This is in marked contrast to the recent New Zealand scene. There have been two international teams in New Zealand in the last two years and in few of the games played did the penalty tally pass twenty.

Yet both teams were still able to produce football to the best of their capabilities yet 'Home Unions' referees, even though awarding huge crops of penalties, are still not able to create better games.

The All Blacks of 1963 and 1967 were loud in their praise of the best British referees. These referees had an unob-

trusive way of letting a game flow.

In 1972, few of the games as seen on our television have flowed and referees have appeared to ignore infringements which prevent them from flowing.

Backs have been early-tackled, (see picture over this article), been obstructed, been offside and been penalised when not offside, and forwards have been allowed to struggle in front rows and climb over rucks. And all this in spite of many penalties for other infringements.

The answer seems to be that British referees no longer seem to be able to 'read' a game the way they once could.

For the time being, tactics and skills, and what players are trying to do, seem to have eluded the referees' understanding. Whilst the standard of Home Unions' playing and coaching has improved, the knowledge and standard of referees has not.

They appear still to want to move from set play to set play. They are not using the advantage law well to let the game flow for they are not making a skilful choice of which laws it is important to enforce.

THEY SEEM TO LACK THE ABILITY TO READ A GAME AND ASSESS OPPORTUNITY.

Mobility is also a lack. I am sure that most New Zealand referees markedly reduce the number of penalties awarded in a game by being on the spot. And so players who were going to try a 'shrewd' tactic decide not to.

This is especially true in lineouts, where New Zealand referees usually stand at the front where they can see—and be seen.

Further, it may well be that Welsh crowd hysteria is upsetting their judgment. It is clear that the British sporting press made the 1971 Lions into sporting 'goodies' with the All Blacks cast in the role of villainous 'baddies'!

Crowds, especially at Cardiff, have sounded more like hounds scenting the fox ("Off! Off!"). As in Scotland in 1967, referees could be finding that such hysteria may be clouding their judgment.

Judging by what we have seen on the tele-screen so far, we have yet to see referees who can 'read' a game, who can create a situation which encourages both teams to play the best football of which they are capable.

We have yet to see a Pat Murphy or Alan Farquhar, which New Zealand rugby produced in the 1960s—when its playing standards simultaneously were so high.

"THE OBSTRUCTION IS UNBELIEVABLE"

Youthful All Blacks subjected to constant provocation

LONDON—When the final trials to select the 'Seventh All Blacks' were being held in Wellington, I was, maddeningly, in Crete. Maddeningly because with the absence of English papers I had no way of finding out who had made the side, who had not been considered good enough, who were the new stars and who were in eclipse.

Several weeks later I came across an old *New York Times*. In it was an account of the All Blacks' match in New York. Or was it? Hurst had scored a try. Hurst? Lambert had played well. Lambert? Was *The Times* going mad; was a compositor having his last fling before being sacked?

When I got back to the United Kingdom in time to go to Cardiff and see the punch-

ing match up there, I found it all true enough. Like every great group in the past, the original All Blacks had broken up and out of the ruins Ivan Vodanovich and his co-selectors had picked a fresh group, the New All Blacks.

Will they be as successful as the New Seekers, the New Ink Spots and other famous groups? The international against Wales will have been

the test, the final audition. All judgments here are reserved until then.

The one thing that strikes any observer about this All Black side is its youth. Of course young men have played for the All Blacks in the past, but this side LOOKS young. Only eleven of them had played in an international before this year and only ten of them had managed more than ten appearances for New Zealand in all matches.

I glanced down the ranks of reserves at Cardiff and most of them, truly, looked as though they were just past their first shave. Baby faces. Could these be the heirs to Meads, Tremain, Gray,

By SPIRO ZAVOS

Lochore, MacRae, Laidlaw, Kirton?

On the field they certainly showed that despite their looks they brooked no nonsense. The backs as well as the forwards were prepared to "protect their own interests." Infuriated by almost incessant late tackling, Bryan Williams cuffed the Cardiff winger, Wayne Lewis, a couple of chops across the face. Right in front of the main stand, too.

The crowd yelled like Banshees, Williams was booed every time he handled the ball



THE All Blacks, referee Peter McDavitt reminds, have been "obstructed and early-tackled . . ." As proof of this particular charge, we offer this shot of All Black first five-eighth Bob Burgess still in possession of the ball while a Cardiff player early-tackles the second five-eighth Mark Sayers. Retaliation against this kind of provocation has earned the All Blacks the ire of the crowds, blind to their own players' infringements, as shown, in the first place.

TWO celebrities in different fields, the British pop singer Lulu and All Black threequarter Bryan Williams, in a duet at the team's hotel in Cardiff, where Lulu was a fellow guest. Hamish Macdonald and Andy Haden, at back, aren't looking at Williams!

and a few minutes later after being grounded a Cardiff forward sunk his boot into the pit of his back.

Williams wasn't the only back to "put them up". Mark Sayers had a dust-up with his opposite number and Grant Batty, in this match and other, subsequent ones, showed a readiness to resort to more violent methods when he was being impeded.

The problem is, of course, that the All Blacks are being subjected to all sorts of provocation and, being a young side, are rising a shade too quickly to the bait.

Referees seem convinced that it is the All Blacks who are "starting things". It is most noticeable, for instance, that they invariably position themselves on the New Zealand side of the lineout. To watch for All Blacks infringements, one supposes—while the opposition gets away with murder.

I asked one of the All Black props, Jeff Matheson, why we weren't doing too well in the lineouts. "The obstruction that goes on," he said, "is unbelievable."

Most referees are turning a blind eye to this and concentrating on the All Blacks' rucking methods. In British eyes, rucking a man back with the ball is considered highly dangerous play.

The fact that the man lying on the ball is *breaking a rule* is disregarded and as soon as a ruck forms and the All Black forwards drive into it, the cries of alarm rend the air and the whistle blasts. Penalty against New Zealand.

Perhaps this is the time that a mild slap on the wrist can be administered to that superb coach, Carwyn James. James is touring the United Kingdom offering his insights into how the All Blacks can be defeated. It's the same formula as used by last year's Lions and at its core is the need to kill the loose ball.

Most forwards here do this by lying across the ball. Highly illegal, highly provocative to All Black forwards—but the penalties continue to be whistled up against them, something like 24 to 13 in the London Counties match, for instance.



James would probably justify the tactic on the grounds that it worked, but one can imagine the howls of protest if a New Zealand side frustrated a team here with illegal tactics—and got away with it.

The answer to the problem of the rucks, and it is a problem, lies in the solution offered by an international referee; namely, that handling should be allowed. In this way the ugly sight of feet scraping man and ball back would be done away with.

Who are the stars of the New All Blacks? Surprisingly enough, the two most obvious ones are newcomers: Joe Karam and Grant Batty. Karam's goal-kicking sometimes has been astray—Don Clarke, even, had trouble kicking consistently in the United Kingdom, too. So did Fergie McCormick, remember—but the rest of Karam's play has been of the highest order.

Like Fergie McCormick, Karam plays the attacking full-back's game and his running into the line has been highly effective. Against London Counties, the All Blacks scored a wonderful copybook try after Whiting had made a fine catch.

Going had the ball into the backline and Karam ran through, drew the full-back and put Batty into open spaces. Bob Scott stuff.

But it isn't only from set pieces that Karam has been

coming up on attack. He seems to be playing a soccer full-back's game, with his repeated overlapping, rather than the traditional rugby full-back's role.

Batty has become so dangerous when he gets the ball that some critics here feel that he is more of a threat than Bryan Williams. High praise but play has been running Batty's way and he has been making the most of his chances.

Some of his tries have been simple run-in affairs. Most, however, have been scored because of his exceptional burst off the mark and at Cambridge, where the All Blacks played with the lethargy of men who had just sat a hard exam, one astonishing run of stops and starts, enlivened with bouts of sidestepping, brought the house down and deflated the eager Cambridge side.

In the forwards, mark the name of Ken Stewart. He's the player we've been looking for ever since John Graham retired. Against London Counties, early on in the tour, Stewart cemented a test place, in my opinion, with a superb all-round game.

With his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, Stewart looks as if he wants to play his heart out for the side. Time and time again, his was the covering tackle that saved a nasty situation.

He ran fiercely with the ball, was the first man to the rucks and once chased through an up-an-under, caught it on the full and charged through to a yard or so of the goal line. The last player I saw do that was—John Graham.

STEWART IS GOOD AND YOUNG AND ONE OF THE GAMBLERS THAT HAS ALREADY PAID OFF.

Most of the other new players are still finding their feet after a month of touring, although Sayers in the centre has made a favourable impression with knowledgeable judges here. Judgment on the others, especially the gamble to play Ian Stevens at first five, must be withheld until the tour as a whole can be assessed.

Of the older and more established All Blacks, it is the solid core that is holding things together. Ian Kirkpatrick is rising to his responsibilities and playing marvellous rugby. So too are Hamish Macdonald and Peter Whiting. These three are the key, one feels, to unlocking the Welsh trap. If Wales have a weakness, it is in their front five.

In the backs, the towering personality is Sid Going. Critics have argued about Going's merits and faults for years. Yes, he is too predictable in his breaking; yes, his passing tends to the mediocre;

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THE ALL BLACKS' BACK LINE NEEDS A LEADER

Williams and Batty are having to scavenge for their chances

By THE EDITOR

WHATEVER satisfaction there may be at the performances of the All Blacks to date (and I write on the eve of the matches with Gwent, who beat the '69-70 Springboks, and Wales, which is the vital match of the whole tour), there is one fact that continues to stick out like a sore toe, even to us at home. And that is that an outstanding threequarter line is still not getting anything like the amount of ball its talents deserve. Television, radio and press observers confirm this.

The back play simply has not been flowing; certainly nowhere near as well as it did, with the exception of several of the tests, in South Africa in 1970.

The side's talented wings, Bryan Williams and Grant Batty, are having to scavenge for the main chance far too often. Possession as a result of decisive running by their insides which sets up try-scoring opportunities for them, or expeditious handling which makes the ball travel faster than their opponents can run, is the exception rather than the rule.

Promising attempts to develop backline patterns which were apparent in the highly auspicious opening match at Gloucester have not been persevered with to any marked extent since then.

THE TROUBLE IS THAT THERE IS NO LEADERSHIP IN THE BACKS.

Sid Going is the supreme opportunist. While he is in the side it will never completely lack hope. His dabs from both broken and set play can, and do, win matches.

Make no mistake, the North Auckland Maori is sheer brilliance on a rugby field—when he is given freedom to set up play his own way, to take it

from the set play and the rucks and barge past the advantage line in what might be termed 'bash and wallop' play.

But because of this opportunistic stuff, the play is not being allowed to flow for Sid is bringing the ball back to Ian Kirkpatrick and Alan Sutherland, who are quite tremendous at developing those hand-to-hand forward attacks for which All Black sides are held in awe everywhere.

It has been working so far on the tour, except at Llanelli, but will it work in the internationals? The British teams know this manner of mounting attacks. After all, they have had New Zealand teams in Britain in 1967 and 1972 and have been in New Zealand in 1966, 1969 (Wales) and 1971. That's five encounters in less than seven years.

I DO NOT THINK THE SID GOING GAME OF BARGING ACROSS THE LINE OF ADVANTAGE AND TURNING THE BALL BACK TO THE FORWARDS WILL WIN THE INTERNATIONALS. IT IS TOO EASY FOR GOOD FOOTBALLERS TO COUNTER ONCE THEY ARE ON TO IT, AND I BELIEVE BRITAIN IS ON TO IT. CARWYN JAMES CERTAINLY IS!

The Lions last year quickly decided that to beat Sid was to beat the All Blacks. They let him get away on them in the Second Test and New Zealand won their only test victory.

But in the Third Test at Wellington, Going was wrapped up like a postal package and never again in the series was he the danger that he was on Lancaster Park, except on isolated occasions from broken play.

And when Auckland tied up going at Whangarei in August, they broke the North Auckland backline and the Ranfurly Shield.

But even in the Llanelli game, when Lin Colling was behind the scrum, the lack of a tactical plan in the New Zealand backline stood out like a Tory in the Kremlin.

The Llanelli game could have and should have been won. Certainly Delme Thomas, an old adversary, got maximum effort from his forwards but New Zealand has tamed better packs than Llanelli, and even on the day the All Blacks had sufficient ball to have scored tries had they showed the remotest confidence in their backs.

Batty was on the field virtually only minutes when he all but dashed across in the right-hand corner. And on those occasions when the full-back Joey Karam came up into the line, a try always looked on.

What is needed in the backline is a strong leader, a man who will dictate to Going whether it is to be "Yes, we want it, Sid," or "No, we don't want it."

Bob Burgess is not the type of man for this. He is a reserved personality and could never dominate a strong character like Going, who is now the most senior All Black in the entire side—and vice-captain, to boot.

I think the man could be Mark Sayers and, given the

chance, he could emerge as the thinking player of the New Zealand line. His principles of running a backline I know to be sound.

He was the brains of that remarkable Wellington backline which rose like a Phoenix out of the ashes of what the Lions left behind in 1971.

Just the other day I had a letter from Grahame Thorne, the 1967-70 All Black three-quarter who played with Sayers in University teams and, as centre, outside the Wellington player in the 1968 inter-island match, in which, apart from the inevitable Sid Going solo efforts which gave the half-back two tries, all remaining North Island tries (four) in a 34-17 win at Christchurch were scored by the threequarters fed by Sayers.

In his letter, Thorne wrote (from Southbroom, Natal, whence he has moved from Pretoria to set up a bottle store business with his brother-in-law): "I am particularly happy with the selection of 'Twig' Sayers in the All Black team. I have always regarded Sayers as a great player and when I played with him we had lots of laughs and good football.

"HE IS A NATURAL FOOTBALLER."

Already, with the tour only one third over, Sayers has grown in stature immensely with team-mates and the press alike. He is regarded now as a mature, thinking footballer.

Should he be given any influence on the activities of the back line, I am certain that Williams, Batty, Skudder and Hales will receive their fill of good ball, assuming, that is, that it is delivered to the backline in sufficient quantity at the right time.

Sid Going is the individualist and he should be left to play that way. But imposed on him should be a directive that, at the same time, he pays heed to the requirements of the men outside him.

Sayers might well be the man who lets him know what those requirements are.

Riverton Rugby Football Club's CENTENNIAL

Published and unpublished stories, teams, members and photographs required urgently for compiling of records.

Please write:

The Secretary,

(F. N. Muntz),

P.O. Box 33, Riverton.

Rugby is



not soccer

RUGBY IS . . .

Whimsical:

RUGBY IS . . . (by Geoff Whyman and Malc Evans; published by Hodder & Stoughton, Auckland; 95c) is a clever little publication, clever in words, clever in artistry.

It is described as "a muster of sidestepping cartoons perpetrated by Malc Evans and dreadful doggerel fabricated by Geoff Whyman absolutely regardless of the finer feelings of rugby men everywhere."

There is much gentle-humour in this booklet. Malc Evans is not known to this writer, but that is my loss; his work is in the very best style of leading sports cartoonists anywhere.

Geoff Whyman I have known for many years; he has served the *N.Z. Herald* and the now defunct *Weekly News* for a great part of his 60-odd years and is a kindly, whimsical man but a perceptive rugby critic as well. At present he works on the Auckland Rugby Union's programme as its editor in his spare time.

Reviewed by
THE EDITOR

To suggest, as he does, even in fun that his "doggerel" is regardless of anyone's feelings is just not Geoff Whyman. I would doubt that he has hurt so much as a fly in his entire lifetime.

I know he won't mind me saying that he is the true, old-school journalist (as opposed to the brash, sensation-seeking younger fry, the "journo" of today) and quite frankly it is to my regret that the numbers of his kind are being depleted by retirement.

Samples of his whimsy appearing in *Rugby Is . . .* follow below:

*Little Jack Horner went for the corner,
To dot the ball down for a try;
He cut it so fine, he o'erstep-the line,
Said: "What a dumb basket am I."
Kicking five-eighths, slim and tall,
Over forwards booted ball;*



*Kicking five-eighths, not much weight,
Caught in ruck, fraction late.*

*Kicking five-eighths, not so bright,
Carried off; serves him right.*

This is a dollar's worth of rugby fun—as you and I know it.

Quizzical:

THE RUGBY QUIZ BOOK (compiled by Denis Dwyer and Craig McFarlane; published by Whitcombe & Tombs, Christchurch; 50c) is an interesting trifle for those sports evenings that start to drag.

Over 280 questions "to stimulate discussion on aspects of the game of rugby football" are posed, with of course the solutions at the rear of the booklet.

Some of these are debat-

able. The question asking for the Christian names of some well-known players lists "Frik" as the name of the great South African lock, du Preez, but that is only a nickname, a shortening of his given name, which is Frederick.

In 'Identify the Rons', the name of the 1970 All Blacks' manager, Mr Ron Burk, is mis-spelled and in a poser dealing with players' initials, the bearer of the initials C.J. is given as C. J. (Cyril) Brownlie, correct enough, but what of the questioner who gave the answer as C. J. (Charlie) Oliver, vice-captain and centre-threequarter with the 1935 All Blacks in Britain, and a rugby-cricket 'double All Black'?

Sports Quiz-setters must be more careful than most. There are so many experts about in so many unexpected places.

Historical:

THE LOG OF WOOD IN KAURI COUNTRY (by Garry Frew; published by the Northern Publishing Co., Whangarei; 60c) is a review in word and both half-tone and full colour picture of North Auckland's most recent reign as Ranfurly Shield - holder, which ended, after brief but eventful tenure, with the defeat by Auckland last August 26.

Garry Frew is sports editor of the Whangarei daily, *Northern Advocate*, and while he is more widely known as a former New Zealand doubles table tennis champion and representative at the world championships, he is also a versatile all-round sports reporter who, I suspect, would have swapped all his table tennis titles and trophies and trips for just one game of rugby in the Cambridge blue of a North Auckland Ranfurly Shield rugby fifteen.

North Auckland's latest reign as shield-holder — the union's third in its 52 years — embraced the defeat of Auckland and one successful defence in 1971, followed by five successes (including the hectic Manawatu draw) and the final dethronement by Auckland (from whom the shield had been won) this year.

For all its brevity, it was a purple period in North Auckland sporting history, for the shield comes rarely to the far north, as we have shown. And Frew and his cameramen report it ably.

The book is embellished by plenty of pictures, well chosen and including 10 full-colour plates, one of which is a double-paged centre spread layout of Okara Park filled with the local record 36,000 people for this season's fateful Auckland game.

No district in New Zealand is prouder of its players than North Auckland and if sometimes there is a mild tendency to lose objectivity over them, show me the district where this has not coincided with a Ranfurly Shield tenure.

For such a far-flung union, in which Manganui players, for example, clocked a season's total of 5000 miles apiece to figure in Ranfurly Shield activity (200 miles each Tuesday for training alone!), and in which 107,000 people watched six games, pride in one's players is not to be assailed, anyway; it's to be lauded. Provided it's not carried to the absurd extremes it is in places like Cardiff and, sometimes, in a certain centre south of Cook Strait!

Individual photographs of all players in the shield squad, descriptions of the matches, the teams, scorers and articles by Sid Going and Ted Griffin, captain and long-term coach, respectively, of the Northland XV, round off this little record.

How much better would it have sold had North Auckland still been in possession of the Ranfurly Shield? But the shield, like just about everything else, is made to go round. This reviewer is glad, though, that it stops off occasionally in its travels at Whangarei.

A further word about the author. Garry Frew has lived in Whangarei all his life and was a loose forward in the Whangarei Boys' High School First XV.

When the North Auckland Rugby Union published its entertaining history of its Golden Jubilee in 1970—and few histories can be entertaining—Frew was its compiler and editor.

In a tribute to him, the standing committee of the North Auckland Rugby Union noted that he was "a bachelor so devoted to his occupation that he drinks only printer's ink with a dash of paste," that he had spent hundreds of hours of his private time on the compilation and composition of the history, and that what he didn't know about 50 years of North Auckland rugby wasn't worth knowing.

LE ROUX AN CLAASSEN TO PILOT 1973 SPRINGBOKS

THE South African Board has announced that Mr Jannie le Roux will manage the Springbok rugby team in New Zealand next year and that Mr Johan Claassen will coach it.



MANAGER: *Le Roux.*

The selection of Mr Claassen is the logical one to New Zealanders who have paid heed to South Africa's rugby comeback following the disastrous, strife-ridden tour of Britain in 1969-70. He coached the Springbok teams which brought down the All Blacks in 1970 and the Australians in Australia last year.

Like his present New Zealand opposite number, Bob Duff, he comes from the engine room of the scrum, having been an international lock forward, and, again like Duff, captain of his country.

The comparison may be taken a stage further for both are big, balding, quiet men who have considerable mana in their players' eyes.

Le Roux, president of the world's richest rugby union, the Transvaal R.F.U., is a different kettle of fish. It seems to us that for the tour of New Zealand, which will be the third since 1969 on which the Springboks will have been beset by demonstrators, the important post of manager becomes even more than that; it becomes vital.

And for it a diplomat of the highest order should have been selected. To begin with, le Roux will not be popular with the press. He has been dubbed the 'dictator' of Transvaal

rugby by a press which objects to his brusque refusal to share the board's secrets with journalists, whom he seems to regard as necessary evils in rugby. He has ordered at least one from Ellis Park, Johannesburg.

The affluent Transvaal Union has been loaning money to smaller unions in South Africa and it could be that le Roux's appointment as manager for New Zealand is the price these unions have to pay. To say this has not happened in New Zealand might be stretching the facts a little, however.

The Transvaal union showed gifts on the 1970 All Blacks and in some circles le Roux was accused of 'getting in good' because he wanted to come out here in 1973.

He was involved in an incident with the All Blacks one night at the end of their tour, however, when, accompanied by his wife, he attempted to visit them in their hotel. It was getting on in hours and perhaps the conviviality of earlier on had been supplanted by some straight talking.

Anyway, Mr and Mrs le Roux were acquainted with the fact that they were not particularly welcome, though whether this was the view of the entire party or just one or two players who shot their mouths off has not been established.

Mr le Roux is a near-millionaire solicitor. He may be a tough, hard-line manager but some diplomacy will be absolutely essential and there are times when these people who have a reputation for 'plain' speaking, for speaking what's in their mind, are little more than tactless.

From this distance, we do not suggest Mr le Roux will be of that ilk but certainly he appears to be something of an autocrat, a forthright figure who probably will not be unduly worried by tour stresses.

The tour calls for a hard man who backs his own views, but he will need to be careful of his relationships with those outside the game, the anti-tour pressure groups. How Mr le

By . . .
PHILLIP DENNIS

Roux reacts to problems posed by these people could be the making or breaking of him in New Zealand eyes.

That great diplomat and successful manager of the 1965 Springboks, Mr Kobus Louw, now vice-president of the South African Rugby Board, no doubt owes his non-selection on this occasion to an open rift between him and Dr Danie Craven, the board president, on the composition of the touring team.

A big storm broke when it became known that Craven, with the backing of his board, approached the government to include Coloureds in the team. It became a hurricane after Craven contacted anti-tour groups in New Zealand.

Although he never said anything publicly, it also became known that Louw opposed Craven and that there was a lot of ill-feeling between them.

And so the die is cast but whether or not le Roux proves too controversial and provocative a figure to successfully discharge the managerial duties, no one in New Zealand can have the slightest doubt about Johan Claassen as coach. All of rugby respects this big man.



COACH: *Claassen.*



BEVERLY WILL is part-owner of the Melbourne Fighter magazine and writes regularly on boxing in its columns. She is seen interviewing the American negro middleweight, Tom Bethea, who scored a sensational non-title eight-round knockout of the then world champion, Nino Benvenuti, of Italy, at Melbourne in 1970 prior to being knocked out by the Italian in a return bout later that year with the title at stake.

PRETTY and vivacious Sierra Pena, a professional dancer, cornered her fighting husband Roberto in all his fights in New Zealand eight years ago. She was a deft hand with towel, brush and water . . . and an eye-catcher!

FEMMES AT THE FIGHTS

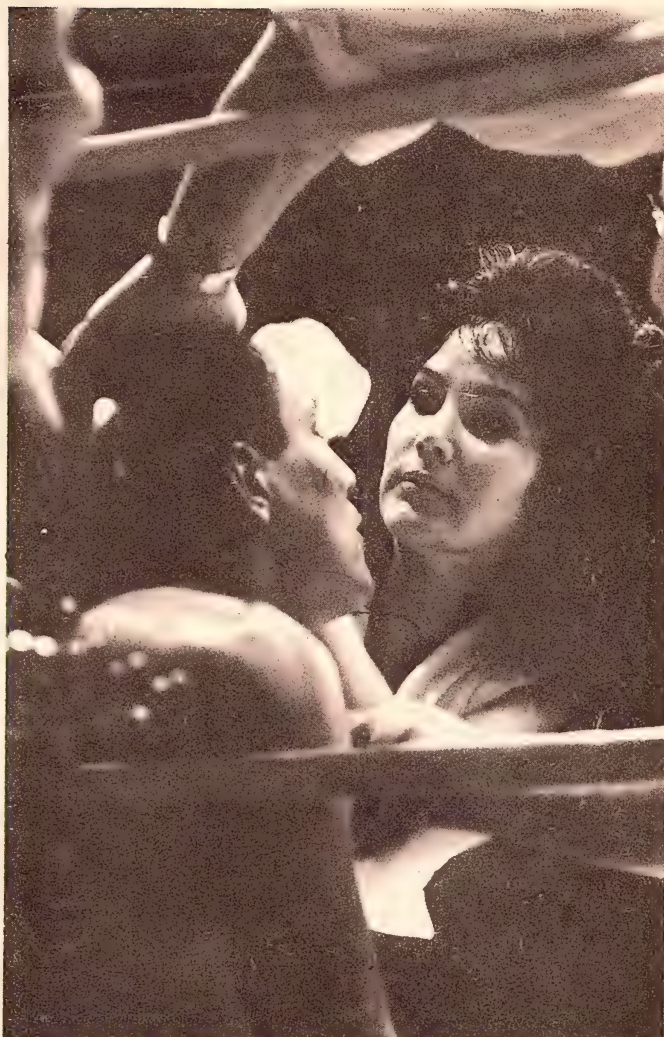
Women Who Enliven The Boxing Fraternity

BRIAN O'BRIEN on boxing



BOXING, by and large, is essentially a man's world in which feminine influence is at a minimum—except, of course, that it has ruined many a promising fighter's future in the ring by intruding into his private life for rare indeed is the scrapper who can resist a pretty face and trim figure.

FIRST woman to manage a fighter in New Zealand was Mrs Clara Aitken, seen here gloving up her son Billy, New Zealand professional featherweight champion in the mid-thirties, while second Frank Finnigan looks on.





THIS is Doreen Billin, a Sydney girl of the early thirties who 'boxed' at charity shows. But because of their light bones and generally unsuitable physique, women have generally left boxing well alone in a competitive sense.

Every now and then, however, a woman invades the pugilistic field to enliven the game. Biggest eye-catcher in recent years was professional dancer Sierra King, who in private life was Mrs Sierra Pena, wife of the Mexican middle-weight, Roberto Pena, who boxed in Auckland in the mid-1960s.

This captivating woman, raven-haired and startlingly beautiful under ring lights, especially in skin-tight white slacks and clinging sweater, was indeed enlivening the game when she acted as a second for her fighter husband and tended his needs in his corner between rounds.

Pena was a fair-class fighter who won three and lost four here in 1965, which was a period of very good middle-weights in New Zealand rings.

He lost to New Zealand champion Earl Nikora on a ninth-round cut-eye stoppage but beat Earl on points in a return, scored a noteworthy win over the swashbuckling Australian Don 'Bronco' Jones and beat the Tongan Filo Manuao, who held the New Zealand light-heavyweight title for a time that year.

Then came defeats by world-rated U.S. negro Charlie Shipes, by Clarence James, another American coloured fighter, and by New Zealand's ex-British Commonwealth middleweight titleholder, Tuna Scanlan.

After which he contracted tuberculosis and was hospitalised in Auckland for many months before he was able to return to Mexico, the faithful Sierra at his side.

Oddly enough, it was a woman, too, who first booked Pena for the Auckland Boxing Association. She was Mrs Bea Spilsted, wife of the late Clive Spilsted, an American living in Auckland who used his U.S. boxing contacts to aid the A.B.A.

Before his death, Clive had been negotiating with Pena for a series of fights in Auckland and his widow finally concluded the negotiations and got Pena out.

He was a good investment. Most of his fights were hard ones, win or lose. And in each of them, his wife's lissome figure had the ringsiders craning their necks to get a better look at this unusual second, this "modern dance stylist" who gracefully climbed the steps to her husband's corner after every round to towel, brush and water him down.

With wifely devotion, she tended her spouse and this dark-haired, olive-skinned couple made a striking combination. "I wouldn't miss being in Roberto's corner for anything," said Sierra.

She would hover over her broad-faced, husky husband, who facially so resembled today's champion golfer, 'Super-Mex' Lee Trevino. Her corner work was as nifty as that of any old pro. There was none of that rough, masseur-like towel-slapping with which seconds normally tend to treat their charges.

Hers was a gentle rubbing. She didn't massage her fighter with ointment as if she were trying to rub off his skin. Hers was a sensitive, caressing across the shoulders, down the back and over the chest.

Between rounds, she would sit quietly in the corner, her head just visible above the canvas. Her dark eyes remained on her husband's face. Not once would they ever waver to his opponent.

She did not barrack, nor shout advice. She seemed quite unaffected by the pummelling that went on. Her affectionate ministrations did not make Roberto a regular winner but it was significant that the only lack-lustre fight he turned in in his New Zealand campaign was when he boxed Tuna Scanlan at Auckland, for on that occasion Sierra was not there at ring-side; she had recently undergone an operation and his training for the fight had been in between visits to the Auckland Hospital.

Sierra Pena was the first woman to be so close to the fight game since Clara Aitken had managed her New Zealand featherweight champion son Billy, thought at that time—the mid-1930s—to be the "new Johnnie Leckie".

A product of Joe Mearns's boxing school in Newtown, Wellington, Aitken was a quick-handed little fellow with plenty of style and a useful kick in either fist.

His career extended only from 1935 to 1939 as a professional and embraced 20 fights, but he beat the crack Filipino Young Gildo two out of three, fought four fights for two wins with Jack Jarvis, who as lightweight champion was a bigger boy than Bill.

He drew with the N.S.W. champion Joe Hall, beat bantamweight titleholder Frank Taylor and had a win, too, over Clarrie Rayner, although the Iron Man from Blenheim got the better of him in two other fights and they also fought two draws.

Aitken got out of the game at only 22 because there was

not, in his view, sufficient money to keep him in it. More recently his name has cropped up as a publican and racehorse owner. I am not aware of the whereabouts of his mother, Clara—possibly she has passed on—but I often have regretted that I did not have a talk with her and put down for readers' interest her comments on the game from the feminine viewpoint.

One recalls, too, the Wairarapa Boxing Association having a young lady secretary in the early fifties whose name was Cross. She later became Mrs Russell Broughton, wife of the undefeated New Zealand light-heavyweight champion of 1950-51.

Part-owner of the magazine *Fighter*, published in Melbourne, is an attractive blonde mother of several teenage boys named Beverly Will. Bev apparently wasn't solely interested in merely owning a piece of the magazine; more recently, she has become a regular writer in its pages, whether the male readers like it or whether, as in the case of one Wellington boxing man, who hasn't bought a copy since "the women got into it", they do not.

Ruth Bayne, wife of the Auckland boxing trainer Ken Bayne, a little go-getter of a woman in her early forties, today is manager of record for Eddie ('Mardi') Manuela, the young Auckland middleweight who has been a prolific performer, though not a regular winner, in Australian and New Zealand rings these past few years.

Last July 18, Manuela fought Kahu Mahanga for the Maori boxer's New Zealand middleweight championship at Auckland, and when Kahu had won surely the year's closest decision—a split one, incidentally, though that doesn't necessarily make it a bad one—Ruth sounded off with her views of who should have been given the decision.

I met her in Wellington a day or so before the Tetteh-Santos British Commonwealth title fight in September and she was very firm in her view that no Auckland Boxing Association was going to tell her who she could and could not do business with.

"If the South Pacific Association (the private body operating beyond the control of the New Zealand Boxing Association and its affiliate, the Auckland body) puts my boy on in regular fights, while Auckland virtually ignores him, then I've got to go to South Pacific, haven't I?

"Do they want Eddie to kick his heels around Auckland waiting for two fights a year the A.B.A. might offer him?"

In California, there is Mrs Alleen Eaton, a middle-aged woman at the Los Angeles Olympic Arena, who has been in the game for some thirty years, during which time she has had no fewer than 52 world champions box for her, an enviable record of big-time promotion.

It made interesting reading back in the Golden Twenties to learn that "Ma" Stribling was "training" her son, William L. ('Young') Stribling, who in 1931 made an unsuccessful bid to relieve the German, Max Schmeling, of the world heavyweight championship.

The "Georgia Peach", killed in the early thirties in a motor-cycle mishap, fought no fewer than 286 professional bouts between 1921 (aged 17) and his death in 1933 ten days after beating the world light-heavyweight champion Maxie Rosenbloom.

Of his 222 wins, 126, a record, were by knockouts, though some unkind critics have suggested that Stribling's travelling sparring partner was the "opponent" in many of these bouts.

About the time of Stribling's tragic death, another American heavyweight was graduating into title considerations when colourful "Kingfish" Levinsky began to box men like world champions Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Joe Louis, Jack Sharkey (whom he beat in 1933), Mickey Walker, Tommy Loughran and Jimmy Slatery.

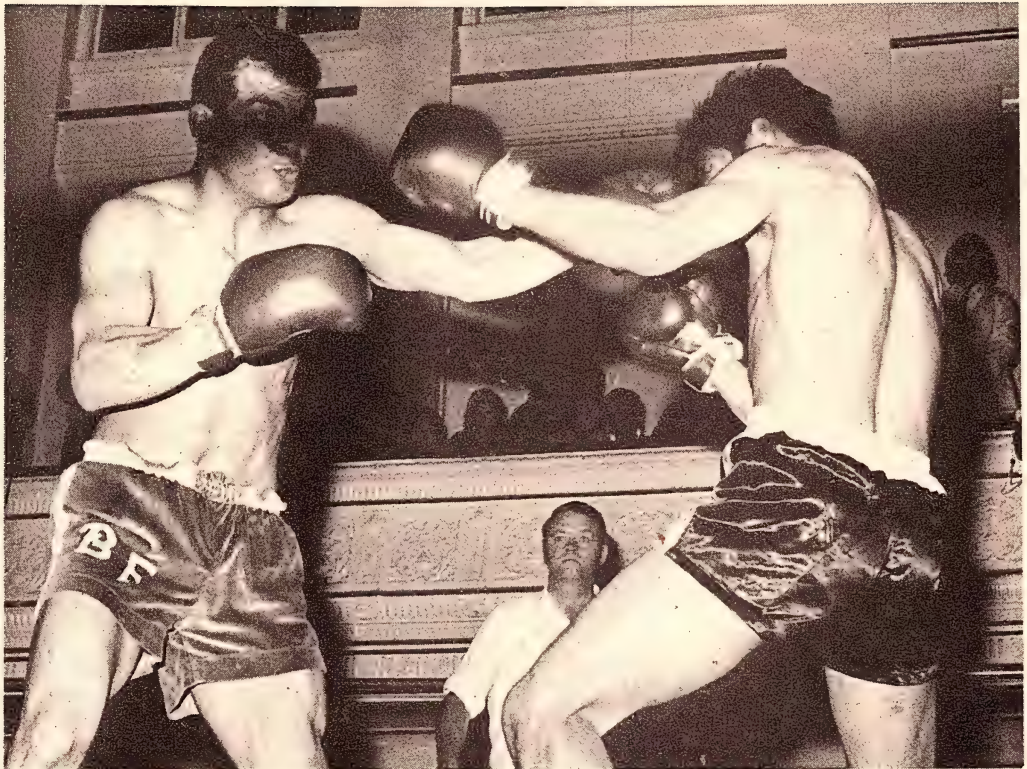
Levinsky was "managed" by his equally colourful sister, "Leaping Lena", but as in the case of Stribling, the female influence was insufficient to win a world title.

Then, in the middle thirties there emerged a petite, beautiful woman as a bona fide fight manager. She was slim, auburn-haired Mrs Katie Jenkins, of Sweetwater, Texas, and she was negotiating fights for her lightweight boxer husband, Lew.

Lew Jenkins, born Verlin Jenks, was a rough-and-ready Texas Irishman with a great heart, a punch and endless durability. Katie carried out a fixed, serious role as his manager. She made it a ritual to visit the gymnasium daily, contacted promoters and, where permissible, worked in her husband's corner.

Once Lew got to New York to make a bid for the big-time, Katie turned over the

(Page 56, please)



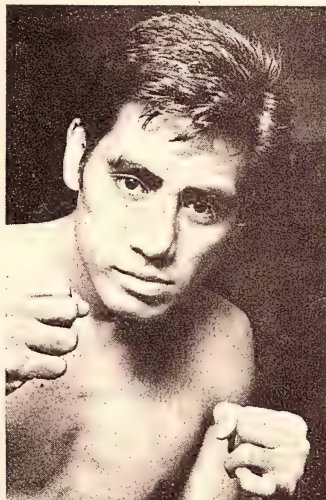
THIS left jab to the nose was one of the reasons why welterweight champion Billy Fatu (left) was ahead of Eddie Tavui on all cards going into the fourth round. But it mattered nought. Eddie nailed Billy with a stone-cold knockout to win the vacant New Zealand light-middleweight championship, at Wellington. Referee is Alan Scaife.

New champ Tavui indeed does destroy them with one punch

THE first amateur light-middleweight boxing champion of New Zealand was Maurice Tuck of Grey-mouth in 1951. But it has taken the professionals in the sport all of the intervening 21 years to catch up and crown their own first New Zealand champion, even though world titles at the weight (11 stone) have been extant for a good many years.

And so the first New Zealand professional light-middle champ is Eddie Tavui, who, not surprisingly in view of those islands' tremendous contribution to New Zealand boxing at all levels, is a Samoan. And to win the title, Eddie, boxing out of Auckland, flattened another Samoan, Billy Fatu, of Hamilton, who is the welterweight champion.

By BRIAN O'BRIEN



EDDIE TAVUI, New Zealand's first professional light-middleweight champion.

Flattened is the operative word. In a Wellington Town Hall not much more than half full (for which various factors were responsible, including the wet night, the failure of the poster distribution man to do his job and the fact that the tournament followed fairly soon after the Santos-Tetteh Commonwealth title fight and thus had to be an anticlimax), Tavui knocked Fatu as cold as an iceberg. It happened in the fourth and Eddie had lost each of the preceding three.

But as his manager Joe Post had said before the fight, Eddie can take a man out of a fight with a single punch, he's that much of a whacker. Not that the Wellington public really needed reminding.

In his last appearance in the same ring (as a support to Tetteh and Santos in September), he had destroyed

Erik Va'afusuaga, himself something of a destructive force as a puncher, with the same whistling right cross that finished off Fatu—one punch, quick and straight to the button.

Fatu was not quite caught cold as it was the fourth round, but none the less neither fighter had really warmed up with the prospect of fifteen long rounds before them.

"I knew Billy would need several rounds to warm up to it," said his trainer (and brother) Joe afterward. "I felt that if he could get over the first five or six rounds, he would go on and win. But Tavui got him before he had settled down."

For Tavui's part, the winning shot was one of only two he had been able to get in during the ten minutes or so of boxing. Fatu had swayed away from his left leads and countered with hooks and swings when Tavui was ill-balanced—and occasionally the new champ shows his inexperience (15 amateur fights and eight professional) by his slowness to retrieve a situation after he has missed with a punch and is in a consequently vulnerable situation.

Fatu provided a bobbing, swaying, weaving target and Tavui found it almost impossible to nail him with any more than a few left jabs, not enough to win a round.

But, said manager Post, "we knew Eddie would get him in the end; fifteen rounds was too long for Fatu to keep away from Eddie's big ones."

He wasn't at all concerned about what the points showed (and for the record, after three rounds, they were 60-58 for both Maurice Fitzcaurice and myself and 60-56 for George Philp) for he firmly believed that Tavui had his own judge and referee all rolled into one explosive right hand.

In our July issue, I had written a story under the heading of "Most Promising New Pro Around" and in it I related how Joe Post had spoken of three points which were very much in favour of Tavui's making the top grade in the ring, and they were these:

- (1) Speed and, according to Auckland heavyweight Joe Jackson (former dual New Zealand amateur champion) a punch as hard as any heavyweight in the country;
- (2) A fanatical will to train, even to the point where he sometimes overdoes it and has to be knocked off;
- (3) Dedication and the de-



termination to make it to the top.

The speed, of course, is speed of hands, which is the most important of all for 'telegraphed' punches seldom find anyone at home.

The training is apparent; in my three looks at Tavui, I have never seen him anything less than 100 per cent fit and ready to go.

The dedication and determination are implicit in the good living and fitness of this quiet, gentlemanly Samoan.

And the punch clearly is as hard as Joe Jackson recommends; as hard as that of any heavyweight around these parts.

The statistics alone are beginning to show as much: Tony Smith of Australia (who had 15 fights for 12 wins to Tavui's no pro fights when they met in Melbourne) demolished in two rounds; Errol McIvor (No. 5 in Australia at the time) in one round; Steve Nikora in six; Erik Va'afusuaga in three; Fatu in four; plus points victories over fighters like Jim Vosarawa of Fiji and Red Durange of Australia in which the losers' principal attribute was the ability to absorb punishment.

In August, Eddie took on the amazing young Australian Charkey Ramon, thin, lilywhite-skinned, gloves dangling at sides, and at that time, with four fights behind him, he was a little out of his league (Ramon since having stopped the Englishman Pat Dwyer for the Common-

THE PHANTOM FIGHT

wealth light-middleweight title).

Tavui was stopped in the sixth but not until he had staggered Ramon with a bomb of a right cross in the fifth. Anyway, says Joe Post, Eddie was big enough and strong enough and who ever heard of a novice pro from New Zealand ever being offered, much less turning down, \$700 (his end!) for any fight?

They're very struck with Eddie Tavui in Wellington, where in three fights he has posted three wins in six, three and four rounds respectively. They are likely to see more of him there in the New Year.

In the first professional support to the title fight Tavui's "stablemate" Kittey Ah Lam (Auckland), persistent but unsuccessful seeker of New Zealand amateur titles but a warrior to the fingertips, chased in on top of the taller Bolbino Va'afusuaga with sufficient velocity to almost stop him in the fourth round, during which a standing count was applied on Bolbino.

But the much stockier Ah Lam, in his first pro fight, could not maintain the offensive against the neat, pecking left hand of Bolbino and the tall Wellington Samoan beat the short Auckland Samoan to win his first decision in five pro fights.

IN the picture above, Lucky Gattellari, featherweight champion of Australia, is seen signing for a challenge in Wellington in October, 1971, for Toro George's British Commonwealth featherweight championship that never came off (with him are his brother Rocky, left, former world flyweight title challenger, his trainer and, at right, Clive Head, former New Zealand amateur champion and administrator, who signed Gattellari for the phantom contest on behalf of the Wellington Boxing Association). George ultimately turned down the fight, for which he was guaranteed \$3000 (his end), and since has lost decisions to a number of other fighters in Australia culminating in the loss of his title to Victorian champion Bobby Dunne some weeks ago. Toro, on the evidence of the television film, was desperately unlucky to lose, but nonetheless Dunne has now beaten him twice. And so his Wellington \$3000 (accompanied by further title defence guarantees) has gone down the drain.

Leo Pua beat Irimaia Sila, light-middles, in another pro support which was little more than a brisk training spar and in which Sila never looked like the fighter who'd twice had Olympian and Jameson Belt holder Jeff Rackley in the toils as an amateur.

INDIA'S GRAND SLAM IN SPIN

THE conquerors of England last year, India once again face the English challenge this December. And India's main weapons, as usual, will be spin, spin and more spin!

The domination of spinners in Indian cricket is amazing. So far, all three Indian bowlers to have captured 100-plus test wickets are spinners: Vinoo Man- kad with 162 dismissals, Subhash Gupte 149 and E. A. S. Prasanna 124.

Now left-arm spinner Bis- hen Bedi, with 96 test vic- tims already in his mini- turban, seems all set to join the "Club" before this Christ- mas.

And before the Anglo- India series is over, off- spinner Venkatraghavan may become the fifth "centurion" bowler. He needs 18 wickets to reach this target. (In 1971, he bagged 22 wickets in five Caribbean tests and 13 in three tests in England).

Freakish googly expert Chandrasekhar, the man behind India's stunning win over England in the 1971 Oval test, is 25 short of his bowling "ton" in test cricket.

If that happens, all six In- dian bowlers to top 100 test wickets will be spinners. With left-arm spinner Bapu Nad- karni retiring after a haul of 88 test wickets, all seven bowlers to figure in *Wisden's* list (75 or more test wickets) are from the flight-and-turn department. A spinning grand slam, if ever there was one!

Yet another spinner, all- rounder Salim Durrani with 74 test wickets, needs just one more victim to make the *Wisden* list.

Detractors may hint that India's "home-spun" pit- ches are responsible for this utter domination. But on analysing the figures of the current top four, we find that they have been as successful abroad as on home grounds.

The criterion taken for this analysis is the number of wickets taken per test:

- Bedi so far has taken 53 wickets in 17 tests played abroad (wickets to tests of

By **K. M. MEHER-HOMJI**

Prominent Indian sportswriter



RESTING tired feet at the end of it all is the great Indian off-spinner Eripalli Prasanna, who had just bowled India to victory with 5/32 and 3/56 in the Third Test of 1967-68 at the Basin Reserve. He did the same at Dunedin (6/94) and at Auckland (4/44 and 4/40) and the only test in which he did not succeed (the second at Christ- church) was won by New Zealand!

3.1), compared with 43 vic- tims in 10 home tests (W/T of 4.3).

- Chandrasekhar's abroad W/T is 3.8 (30 wickets in 8 tests) and his home W/T is 4.1 (45 in 11).

- Prasanna's abroad W/T is 4.8 (72 in 15), almost simi- lar to his home W/T of 5.2 (52 in 10).

- Vice-captain Venkatrag- havan's W/T is, in fact, higher abroad than at home. He has captured 36 wickets in nine tests played on for- eign soil for a W/T of 4. At home he has represented his country 13 times for 46 scalps; a lower W/T of 3.5.

To date, these four contem- poraries have played in 42 different combinations — singly, in pairs or in trios; once even all four against England in 1967—capturing a total of 377 wickets. Of these, 191 were taken abroad in 20 test combinations (W/T 9.5) and 186 bagged in 22 test combinations at home (a lower W/T of 8.4).

Against New Zealand, their success has been most strik- ing. In the four tests played by India in New Zealand Prasanna and Bedi have taken 40 wickets between them (a W/T of 10). At home, these magnificent four have played in seven tests to capture 75 Kiwi wickets (W/T 10.7).

In all, Bedi has played seven tests against New Zea- land and taken 31 wickets, Chandrasekhar two tests for eight victims, prodigious Pra- sanna 44 in seven, Venkatrag- havan 32 in six tests.

Rarely have so few cap- tured so many—wickets and hearts, for they are among the more popular cricket personalities today.

India's unexpected victories over West Indies and Eng- land last year on foreign soil, which led to an upset of the balance of world cricket power, were due as much to their splendid spin quartet as to some amazing batting.

Footnote: The M.C.C. team in India is: A. Lewis (capt.), M. Denness (vice-capt.), D. Amiss, G. Arnold, R. Cottam, K. Fletcher, N. Gifford, A. Greig, A. Knott, C. Old, P. Pocock, G. Roope, R. Taylor, D. Underwood, B. Wood, J. Birkenshaw.

Will this be John Morrison's year ?

Hitherto just
so far—but
not far enough

By . . .
BRIAN O'BRIEN

FOR years, now, it has seemed that John Morrison, the talented Wellington and ex-Central Districts batsman, must eventually represent New Zealand. But for just as long, it has seemed equally apparent that Morrison may never have the consistency of a modern-day New Zealand bat (as opposed to some of the selections of the period 1950-60, when anyone who played one attractive Plunket Shield innings could count himself in the running for the New Zealand XI).

▶
*JOHN MORRISON . . .
needs to maintain those
good starts.*



The selectors are doing it right enough with John Morrison. Obviously they are cognisant of his talents and have had cause to appreciate them. But they won't give him the "come on in" until they are certain that, under the stress of international cricket, Morrison can bat with some consistency.

WILL THIS BE HIS SEASON? THE PAKISTANIS? THE TOUR OF ENGLAND?

I thought while I watched Morrison play a beautiful innings at the Basin Reserve last season on a track, and in conditions, made to order for the Canterbury medium-fast attack, that surely his 82 (out of 144, next highest score 12) was a large step along the way to the West Indies, especially when he followed it with 66 in the second dig to help Wellington to an outright win.

Another couple like that, it seemed, and Morrison would be in the touring side. But John's first innings 82 alone proved to be more than the sum total of his seven visits to the crease in the remaining four Plunket Shield Games.

For these, his tally was 76 in seven innings: 19 and 5 v. Central Districts, 3 v. Otago, 7 and 15 v. Northern Districts, 24 and 3 v. Auckland.

It had been the same the season before. He began with a hundred, his first in shield cricket, but then did not even aggregate a hundred in his next three matches lumped together.

And in 1967-68, too, he had put together a total of 119 runs in his first three innings but flopped for only a dozen (4, 0, 2, 4, 2) in his remaining five.

This is the continuing story of John Morrison thus far; highly promising starts followed by anti-climactical failures as the season gets more fully under way. Perhaps the maturity of years and experience will bring the consistency which has eluded him; as yet, he is only 25.

John Morrison is Wellington-born (on August 27, 1947) but his post-primary education was completed at New Plymouth Boys' High School and it was while he was in the First XI there that first the Taranaki, then the Central Districts selectors chose him in their representative sides.

His debut was made against Auckland at Eden Park in January of 1966, Hedley Howarth getting his wicket both times for a modest return of 8 and 24, which he followed

with 13 and 18 against Canterbury.

He played in another two shield matches in 1966-67 for similarly commonplace scores (3, 15 and 24) but was carried around for the rest of the first-class season as Central Districts' 12th man.

His regular representative cricket coincided with his return to Wellington and in 1967-68 he played four matches, top score 48 v. Otago.

Wellington persisted and used Morrison in all five matches in '68-69, but a most promising 75 against Canterbury was worth more than the mere 54 runs he scratched together in his seven other completed innings.

In '69-70 it was the same—56 against Auckland but only a further 79 runs in five other knocks.

It was on the world tour undertaken in 1970 by the Ambassadors private team, of about good club strength, that Morrison blossomed as a player of big innings.

Playing through 17 different countries, he easily topped both aggregates and averages with 24 innings, 13 not outs, 1123 runs at a Bradmanesque 102.00, hitting undefeated cen-

turies against Argentina (101*), Grenada (104*) and St Vincent (118*), besides taking 32 useful wickets (at 16.22) and 13 catches.

On returning home for the '70-71 season, he maintained the century habit he had picked up on tour with his maiden first-class 'ton'—108 against his former association, Central Districts, at Wellington, batting 221 minutes and hitting 15 fours.

But nothing followed; he had lean matches against Otago, Canterbury and Auckland and only an 88 against Northern Districts in the final match to remind one that he was still a long-term national prospect.

Then came last season, that rattling start against Canterbury, during which he looked every inch the type of young bat that the New Zealand side will need to replace the older heads who will inevitably bow out in the years ahead.

But the failures continued to lurk just around the corner and not only the West Indies trip but also the Australian knockout series passed him by.

His first-class record reads: Played 27, innings 48, not outs 3, highest score 108, aggregate

1036, one century, average 23.02.

Quite obviously this is not yet the record of a New Zealand batsman. Yet one feels sure there is test cricket in John Morrison and at 25 he should just now be coming into the full flowering of his powers.

Once he begins to string those good innings together instead of about every third or fourth game, he'll be on the right road. And then will the New Zealand selectors come for him.

Although he is captain of his club side, Wellington and College O.B., and the test player Bruce Taylor is in that side, it is pleasing to note that Wellington selectors this season so far have not saddled the younger Morrison with the responsibilities of representative captaincy.

Taylor was named captain of the Wellington sides which played Marlborough and Hutt Valley in tune-up matches and thus must be the favourite for the Plunket Shield captaincy, thus leaving John Morrison to his task of becoming a more consistent shield batsman and improving his New Zealand claims.

CRICKET ANNUAL TAKES ITS PACE FROM ITS "END PAPERS"

THE NEW ZEALAND CRICKET ANNUAL, edited by Bob Howitt and published by Moa Publications, Auckland; \$4.95.

Reviewed by The Editor

BOB Howitt's New Zealand Cricket Annual gets away to a spectacular start when the 'end-papers' which greet the eye on lifting open the large board cover form a double-page span of more than 14in by 10in and show Glenn Turner, the Otago runmaking machine, moving faster than he ever moved before in his young life.

Turner, capless, hair streaming in the breeze, is pictured making his ground while completely airborne and with only his bat grounded as he dives to narrowly beat the Wellington 'keeper Ian Therkleson and avoid the run out.

This superb action shot indeed sets the main for the 170-odd large, entertaining pages which follow, detailing

the last New Zealand cricket season and those activities abroad in which our players (male and female) were involved.

It provides, in summation, "a punchy, well-illustrated record of all that made up New Zealand cricket in 1971-72," as editor Howitt claims.

Moa Publications already were into the rugby sphere with their lavish sports annuals and since the cricket publication we have seen our sport adorned with racing and trotting publications in the same style, plus a second *Rugby Annual*.

Eventually, one supposes, their 'jumbo' size may tell against their complete inclusion in the library of the general sports enthusiast but certainly they are handsome volumes.

The *Cricket Annual* kicks off with a complete and informed review of the West Indies tour, accompanied by comment and full scoreboards as well as photographs both common-

place and unusual (such as Bev Congdon batting in a cap!).

Then we have the second eleven in Australia, the Plunket Shield, match by match with a survey of each team. All players' individual match performances are listed alongside the averages in at-a-glance, capsule form.

We progress to the Motor Corporation knockout competition, the Brabin and Rothmans tournaments, the Hawke Cup, club cricket, college and women's cricket.

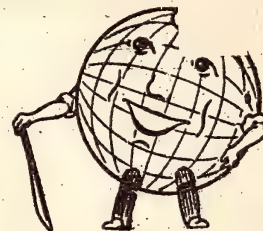
This latter includes a complete test-by-test report on those remarkable young women of the New Zealand XI who beat both Australia and South Africa on their own wickets even while they lacked pace bowling, consistently tall-scoring batsmen and reliable fieldsmen.

They got there on their experience and team spirit, suggests the annual, in going undefeated through these two major cricketing countries, and winning the tests to boot.

There are several full-page Neville Lodge cartoons, the neatest of which recognises their feat. It shows a member

(Page 56, please)

A CRICKET CALENDAR



PAKISTAN IN AUSTRALIA

- Nov. 18-21: v. Western Australia, at Perth (already played).
 Nov. 24-27: v. Victoria, at Melbourne (already played).
 Dec. 1-4: v. Queensland, at Brisbane.
 Dec. 8-10: v. Northern N.S.W., at Newcastle.
 Dec. 12, 13: v. Southern N.S.W., at Canberra.
 Dec. 15-17: v. Tasmania, at Hobart.
 Dec. 18-20: v. Combined XI, at Launceston.
 Dec. 22-27: v. AUSTRALIA (First Test), at Adelaide.
 Dec. 29-Jan. 3: v. AUSTRALIA (Second Test), at Melbourne.
 Jan. 6-11: v. AUSTRALIA (Third Test), at Sydney.

PAKISTAN IN N.Z.

- Jan. 13-15: v. Canterbury, at Christchurch.
 Jan. 16-18: v. Central Districts, at Wanganui.
 Jan. 20-22: v. Wellington, at Wellington.
 Jan. 24: v. Central Districts, at New Plymouth.
 Jan. 26-28: v. Auckland, at Auckland.
 Jan. 29-31: v. Northern Districts, at Hamilton.
 Feb. 2-5: v. NEW ZEALAND (1st Test), at Wellington.
 Feb. 7-10: v. NEW ZEALAND (2nd Test), at Dunedin.
 Feb. 11: v. New Zealand (one-day match), at Christchurch.
 Feb. 13: v. New Zealand Under-23 XI, at Rotorua.
 Feb. 16-19: v. NEW ZEALAND (3rd Test), at Auckland.

- Jan. 5-7: Canterbury v. Wellington, at Christchurch; Northern Districts v. Otago, at Hamilton; Central Districts v. Auckland, Napier.

- Jan. 9-11: Otago v. Wellington, at Dunedin; Canterbury v. Central Districts, at Christchurch; Northern Districts v. Auckland, at Hamilton.

- Jan. 13-18: v. INDIA (3rd Test), at Madras.

- Jan. 20-22: v. South Zone, at Bangalore.

- Jan. 25-30: v. INDIA (Fourth Test), at Kanpur.

- Feb. 2-4: v. West Zone, at Ahmedabad.

- Feb. 6-11: v. INDIA (Fifth Test), at Bombay.

AUSTRALASIAN KNOCKOUT SERIES

- Dec. 10: Queensland v. Tasmania, at Brisbane.
 Dec. 17: Victoria v. N.S.W., at Melbourne.
 Jan. 14: South Australia v. New Zealand, at Adelaide.
 Jan. 14: Winner Queensland-Tasmania v. Winner Victoria-N.S.W.
 Jan. 21: Final.

AUSTRALIA IN WEST INDIES

- Feb. 1: v. University of West Indies, at Mona.
 Feb. 3-6: v. Jamaica, at Kingston.
 Feb. 9-12: v. President's XI, at Montego Bay.
 Feb. 16-21: v. WEST INDIES (First Test), at Kingston.
 Feb. 24-26: v. Leeward Islands, at Antigua.
 March 1-4: v. Barbados, at Bridgetown.
 March 6, 7: v. Combined Youth XI, at Bridgetown.
 March 9-14: v. WEST INDIES (Second Test), at Bridgetown.
 March 17-20: v. Trinidad, at Port of Spain.
 March 23-28: v. WEST INDIES (Third Test), at Port of Spain.

- March 31-April 3: v. Guyana, at Georgetown.

- April 6-11: v. WEST INDIES (Fourth Test), at Georgetown.

- April 14-16: v. Windward Islands, at St Vincent.

- April 18: v. Tobago, at Tobago.

- April 21-26: v. WEST INDIES (Fifth Test), at Port of Spain.

SHEFFIELD SHIELD (Australia)

- Dec. 1-4: Victoria v. South Australia, at Melbourne.
 Dec. 1-5: N.S.W. v. Western Australia, at Sydney.
 Dec. 8-11: Victoria v. Western Australia, at Melbourne.
 Dec. 15-18: Southern Australia v. Western Australia, at Adelaide.
 Dec. 23-27: Victoria v. N.S.W., at Melbourne.
 Dec. 29-Jan. 2: N.S.W. v. Victoria, at Sydney.
 Jan. 26-30: N.S.W. v. Queensland, at Sydney.
 Jan. 27-30: South Australia v. Victoria, at Adelaide.
 Feb. 2-5: South Australia v. Queensland, at Adelaide.
 Feb. 3-6: Western Australia v. Victoria, at Perth.
 Feb. 9-12: Victoria v. Queensland, at Melbourne.
 Feb. 17-20: Western Australia v. Queensland, at Perth.
 March 3-6: Western Australia v. South Australia, at Perth.

(Matches already played: Queensland v. N.S.W.; Queensland v. Victoria; Western Australia v. N.S.W.; South Australia v. N.S.W.; Queensland v. South Australia; Queensland v. Western Australia; N.S.W. v. South Australia—home team listed first in each case).

PLUNKET SHIELD (New Zealand)

- Dec. 23-25: Canterbury v. Otago, at Christchurch; Auckland v. Wellington, at Wellington; Central Districts v. Northern Districts, at Blenheim.
 Dec. 28-30: Northern Districts v. Wellington, at Wellington; Auckland v. Canterbury, at Auckland; Otago v. Central Districts, at Dunedin.
 Jan. 1-3: Central Districts v. Wellington, at Wellington; Otago v. Auckland, at Auckland; Northern Districts v. Canterbury, at Whangarei.

M.C.C. IN INDIA

- Dec. 5-7: v. Board President's XI, at Hyderabad.
 Dec. 9-11: v. Central Zone, at Indore.
 Dec. 15-17: v. North Zone, at Julundur.
 Dec. 20-25: v. INDIA (First Test), at New Delhi.
 Dec. 30-Jan. 4: v. INDIA (Second Test), at Calcutta.
 Jan. 6-8: v. East Zone, at Jamshedpur.

International tours and domestic fixtures for the season now begun

From tops to flops

World Cup Kiwis under the hammer in France

FROM tops to flops? Or was the World Cup record returned by the New Zealand league team in France really the first step toward a position of eminence once again in the game's international rankings, a position it briefly enjoyed after its spectacular successes of 1971?

Three losses from as many matches would seem disastrous at first glance. But the performances of the Kiwis in France were almost parallel to those of the 1970 cup squad—and it was this side which developed into the great test team of 12 months ago.

Just as the outstanding British touring party of 1970 was almost immediately disbanded by transfers to Australia, injuries and retirements, New Zealand has suffered heavily. Indeed, of the regular first-choice pack only Doug Galey remains, and Ken Stirling, Gary Woollard, Bernie Lowther and the reserves, Dave Sorensen and Bob McGuinn, were missing from the backs.

Gone also was the coach, Mr Lory Blanchard, and the manager, Mr Bill O'Callaghan; the vice-captain, Tony Krileitch, who was so often entrusted with the physical exercise periods by Mr Blanchard; and the seasoned forwards Gary Smith, Jim Fisher, Robert Orchard, Henry Tatana, John Greengrass, Bill Deacon and, of the pack which toppled Australia in 1971, Colin O'Neil and Eddie Heatley. Few sides can have broken up so completely.

And so, especially after those two totally unnecessary thrashings in Australia in July, what was really expected of the 1972 World Cup Kiwis?

Many observers forecast that they would beat France (in spite of the locals having the obvious benefits of playing at home, and with a French referee even when an Englishman was available) but would be outclassed by Australia and Britain.

New Zealand did not lower



the colours of the French because there were fundamental errors made at vital times. Inevitably, some criticism was made of the referee and this seems to be supported in part by France having an 11-point margin in a game where the tries were shared equally at at three-apiece.

However, the Kiwis had their chances. They simply did not take them. On the credit side, the proven scoring potential of the wings, Phil Orchard and Mocky Brereton, was still evident.

And so to the fixture with Australia and the memories of those humiliating hidings handed out by the Kangaroos only four months earlier. Australia won again, but only by 9-5, and New Zealand was within inches of victory on more than one occasion.

In a decade of rugby league reporting I have seldom seen a more courageous display by any team. This was a show of pure guts, one that matched the series triumphs of 1971: only that sweet, sweet taste of victory was absent.

The Australians had crossed for 15 touchdowns in those two tests in July. This time there were two tries to Australia, but the first did not come until well into the second half and it was touch-and-go whether scrum-half Dennis Ward forced correctly before knocking over the corner flag.

Murray Eade, the Kiwi vice-

captain, had been ruled out in a similar incident during the scoreless opening spell.

Australia's other try was a typical solo bid by the magnificent Bobby Fulton—but it was the Kiwis who provided the most spectacular effort when John Whittaker (back in his former position of wing because of the Kiwis' continued goal-kicking vacancy) raced 30 yards to dive over at the end of a flowing movement.

In giving the final pass to Whittaker, the Auckland second-row forward, Peter Gurnick, was stunned in a desperation tackle and hurt badly enough to have to be replaced again in the British game three days later. His action in refusing the stretcher and walking from the field was a clear example of the Kiwis' determination to beat Australia.

They failed, but did so gloriously. Young forwards like Gurnick, Tony Coll and Eade provoked admiration in the manner in which they stood up to the likes of the Kangaroo tough guys, John O'Neill, Bob Reilly, John Elford, Paul Sait and Elwyn Walters.

Not surprisingly, the Kiwis' resolve was shattered at the completion of this match: mentally because much (probably too much) emphasis and attention had been directed toward beating Australia; physically by the battering taken from the bigger opponents.

The energy-sapping 80 minutes against Australia gave Britain a cake-walk; after all, the "Chooms" had qualified for the Grand Final while New Zealand's last chance had slipped away.

New Zealand rugby league has returned to the position it held in 1970, when nobody (except perhaps Mr Blanchard and the skipper, Roy Christian) realised just how much talent was coming through. It appears that France will visit this country next season after a nine-year absence—if so, it provides an ample opportunity to take another step back up that ladder.

There is an example to New Zealand in undefeated Bri-

THE WORLD CUP, 1972

THE N.Z. MATCHES

v. FRANCE Lost, 9-20

For N.Z.: P. Orchard 2, M. Brereton, tries.

For France: J-M Bonal 2, A. Ruiz, tries; B. Guilhem 4, Bonal, goals; M. Frattini, field goal.

Played at Marseilles.

v. AUSTRALIA Lost, 5-9

For N.Z.: J. Whittaker, try; J. Wilson, goal.

For Australia: D. Ward, R. Fulton, tries; R. Branighan, goal; Fulton, field goal.

Played at Paris.

v. BRITAIN Lost, 19-53

For N.Z.: J. Whittaker, A. Coll, D. Williams, W. Burgoyne, M. Eade, tries; J. Wilson, 2 goals.

For Britain: J. Holmes 2, J. Atkinson 2, G. Nichols, C. Sullivan, P. Charlton, C. Hesketh, M. Stephenson, D. Jeanes, S. Nash, tries; Holmes, 10 conv.

Played at Pau.

THE RECORDS

• BRITAIN

v. Australia Won, 27-21
v. France Won, 13-4
v. New Zealand Won, 53-19
v. Australia Drew, 10-10*

* Grand Final

• AUSTRALIA

v. Britain Lost, 21-27
v. New Zealand Won, 9-5
v. France Won, 31-9
v. Britain Drew, 10-10*

* Grand Final

• FRANCE

v. New Zealand Won, 20-9
v. Britain Lost, 4-13
v. Australia Lost, 9-31

• NEW ZEALAND

v. France Lost, 9-20
v. Australia Lost, 5-9
v. Britain Lost, 19-53

tain's World Cup win (on count-back of results after a 10-10 draw with Australia in the grand final). In 1970 Britain had a team of vast talent; a year later it was split by transfer, injury and retirement; now it rules the roost again.

New Zealand must take heed from that lesson. The foundation of a very good team already is there.

Auckland gathers strength through a pitching gain

SELDOM since the days of Brian Wareham wearing the Auckland pitcher's uniform in the early 1950's has the team from the Queen City won the Beatty Cup, the interprovincial prize for the country's male softballers.

There was 1953 and 1959 at Lower Hutt, and 1961 at Rotorua, the season Peter McKinley did most of the pitching to Peter Silvera at catcher.

But now Auckland hopes must be high again. Pitching for the blue-and-whites will be Graeme Arnold, the Hawkes Bay youngster who was a trialist for the New Zealand team which played in the world championships in Manila earlier this year.

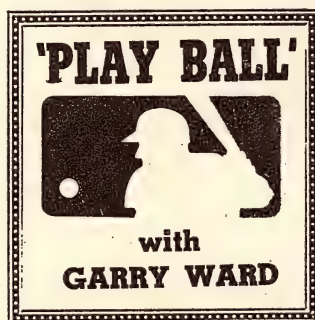
Arnold did not make the team though there were many who thought he should have, but nonetheless he already has had a taste of the big-time in New Zealand softball.

Apart from his participation in the trials he has been in Beatty Cup tournament play and at a John Lennon tournament for the national inter-club prize.

In fact, he was almost responsible for one of the biggest upsets the game has known here when, in the final of the John Lennon tournament at Hobson Park in Auckland two years ago, he pitched Taradale into the final against the eventual winner, Cameron's Cardinals.

Taradale had downed Cardinals early in the tournament but the thinking generally was that it wouldn't happen again. And going into the last innings it seemed that the Hutt Valley team had things pretty well sewn up.

But in the last innings, Taradale unleashed a spate of hits, forced the odd error and should really have won the



game but for some uneducated base running.

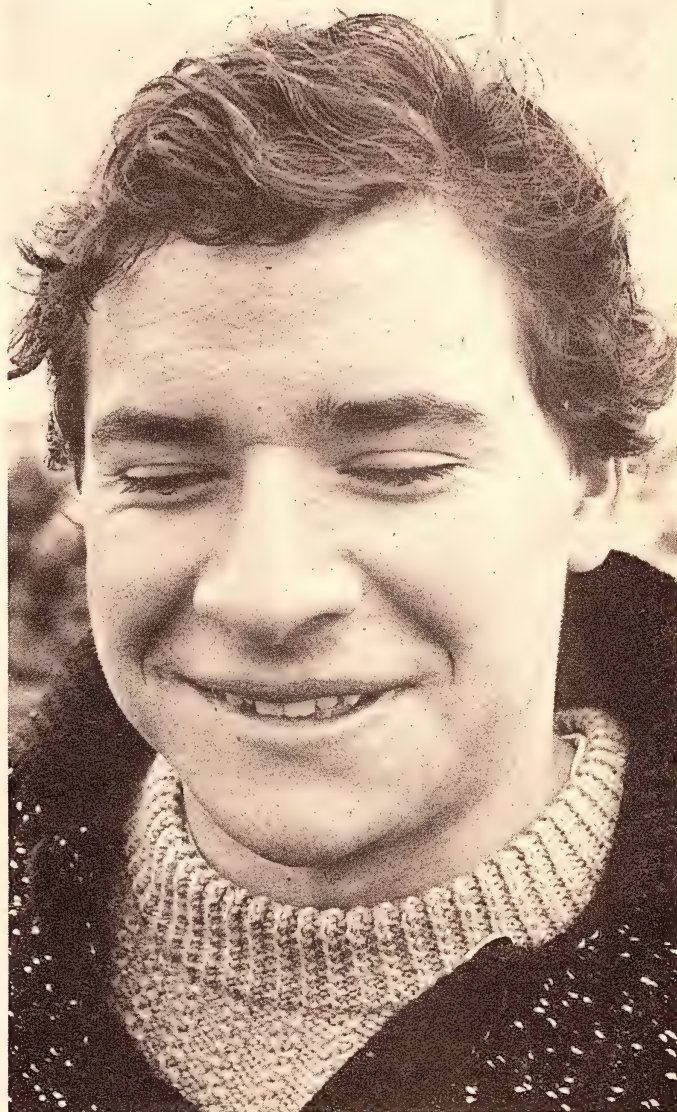
As it was, the winning run did not score and the game went into extra time, with Wayne Baldwin hitting a home run, as he had earlier in the game, and once again the John Lennon trophy was in the Wellington-Lower Hutt area for another season.

Arnold pitched through that tournament with considerable aplomb for a youngster with so little experience. He showed a remarkable variety in his pitching and a temperament that would have been envied by many softballers with years' more experience.

Arnold's pitching action is also remarkably good. He has an easy style which gives the impression that he could hurl all day at a good pace, and he does not throw a fast ball excessively often.

Too many pitchers try and beat the bat with straight speed rather than trying to 'think' the ball past the bat.

Arnold's variety is such that he is able to move the ball up, down, sideways and at a confusing slow rate with a fast arm action, so that he is not



DON'T be deceived by that gentle, sleepy look. Graeme Arnold, now in Auckland from Hawkes Bay, could pitch his new province into Beatty Cup consideration at the end of this month.

faced with the prospect of working the ball through the strike zone flat-tack through every game.

As if Arnold's pitching were not enough, he is also a capable batter, better than most pitchers who get thrown into the number nine slot on every batting list.

Auckland will not walk away with the tournament, even with Arnold; it is simply that they will have a better chance with him than they have for the past few years without a pitcher of his calibre.

Hutt Valley, the current champion both at interprovincial and inter-club level, will again be hard to bowl, in spite of the fact that Terry Nunns will not be catching following persistent finger injuries.

But without Nunns there will still be John Dawson (the second-best pitcher in the country after Kevin Herlihy), Dave Sorenson, Wayne Baldwin, Basil McLean, Wayne Lamb, Terry Bell and Len Barlow available.

And there are other provinces like Wellington and the team that Arnold has left, Hawkes Bay, able to throw down pitching that will result in good challenges.

But somehow Auckland has an appeal that has been lacking for many seasons, an appeal that Arnold enhances in a big way.

It will probably be of the utmost importance that Auckland is able to provide a relief pitcher good enough to back him up against what are rated the weaker teams at the inter-provincials.

SOME LEADING GIRL SOFTBALLERS WILL NOT BE AT THE BENSEL CUP

THREE test matches against the touring Philippines team and a tour through the Eastern states of Australia—with a shortage of top candidates to fill the positions.

That could be the unenviable position of the New Zealand women's softball selector, Mr Harry Atkin, this season if he is unable to organise special trials to find the very best available.

By PAUL VERDON

Mr Atkin (Wellington) is concerned that several of the favourites for the side, including the country's top pitcher-catcher combination of several seasons, Libby Bowles and Jan Foote, will not come under his scrutiny nor that of his assistant selectors, Norm Laws (Wellington) and Alan Clyma (Otago).

Foote and Bowles, as well as several other possible candidates, are playing for associations which will not be attending the Bensel Cup national provincial championship in Invercargill at Christmas.

Hawkes Bay, which provided the New Zealand world championships team at Osaka, Japan, in 1970 with half a dozen players; Wairarapa, for whom Bowles and Foote both played last season; and Counties are three associations which have stated that they will not be sending teams to the deep south because of the travel expenses involved.

And yet Wairarapa and Counties were teams which won the right to play in the top section for the Bensel Cup itself by their successes in the Hutt Valley last season.

Mr Atkin is making a determined effort to give players who fall into this category a chance of making the test match team against the Philippines and then the touring side.

He travelled to Tokoroa in November to watch an inter-provincial tournament involving Auckland, Bay of Plenty, Rotorua, Counties and Hawkes Bay.

And he also hopes to convince the N.Z.S.A. that a spe-



Jan Foote

cial trial, to which guest players may be invited, should be held after the Bensel Cup tournament at Invercargill.

He is confident that the state of affairs which caused him to issue his controversial ultimatum to top New Zealand players last season will not again arise.

Mr Atkin said then that unless certain players were prepared to shed weight and get fitter, they would not be considered for the matches against the Arizona girls late in the season.

"I do know that a number of the women in the Wellington area trained during the winter months and that their game has improved 100 per cent," Mr Atkin said.

The lucky 13 girls who eventually are chosen for the March tour are in for a hard itinerary and Mr Atkin is keen to see at Invercargill



Martha Rush

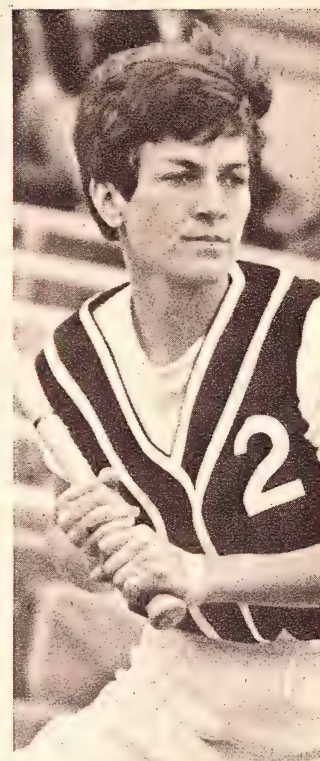
whether players from other parts of the country have taken the hint.

The Wellington man is hoping to uncover several prospects for the next world championship in Connecticut in two years' time.

But he admits that at present, "after you take away the top 20 or 25 players in the country, you are beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel as far as top playing ability is concerned."

He could have other setbacks, too. Lyn Watkins, a young player who made the national grade last season, is only playing Senior B club softball in the Hutt Valley, while Jan Foote was not playing at all earlier in the season.

But there has also been good news in the fact that the big-hitting Martha Rush, New Zealand "Player of the Year" in 1968-69, and Liz Roadley, both members of the team which played in Osaka, are playing again in Auckland.



Libby Bowles

Provided she can still cover the bases and come up with the big hits which broke open so many games in the past, Mrs Rush would be a valuable asset on tour.

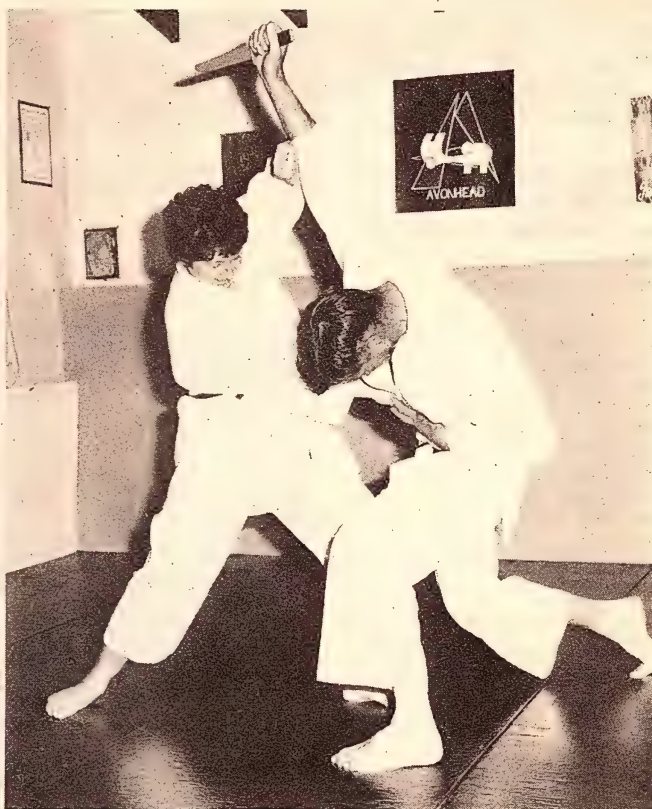
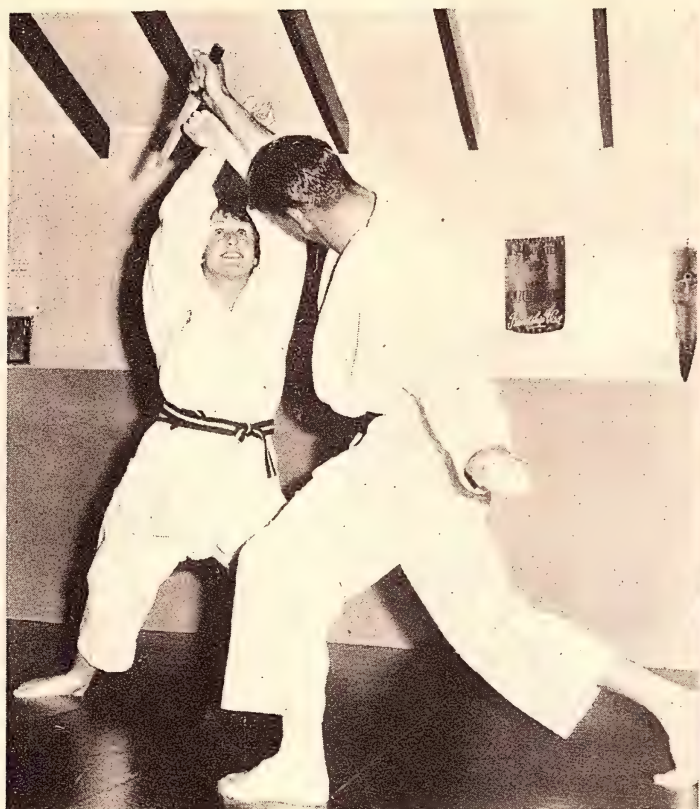
Mr Atkin is reasonably confident that his team can put the Filipinos down.

"They will be an extremely fit team, with outstanding fielding ability," he said. "But they are not over-strong with the bat and I think our pitchers would be ahead of theirs."

He pointed out that Philippines softball is heavily assisted by the government. In fact, he says, Governor Rodriguez, the man behind the organisation of the men's world series in March, is such a fanatic on the game that he has built a ball park inside the grounds of his governor's residential mansion.

Footnote: Bensel Cup holders for the past twelve years:

- 1972: Wellington
- 1971: Auckland
- 1970: Auckland
- 1969: Auckland
- 1968: Hawkes Bay
- 1967: Auckland
- 1966: Auckland
- 1965: Wellington
- 1964: Canterbury
- 1963: Canterbury
- 1962: Canterbury
- 1961: Auckland



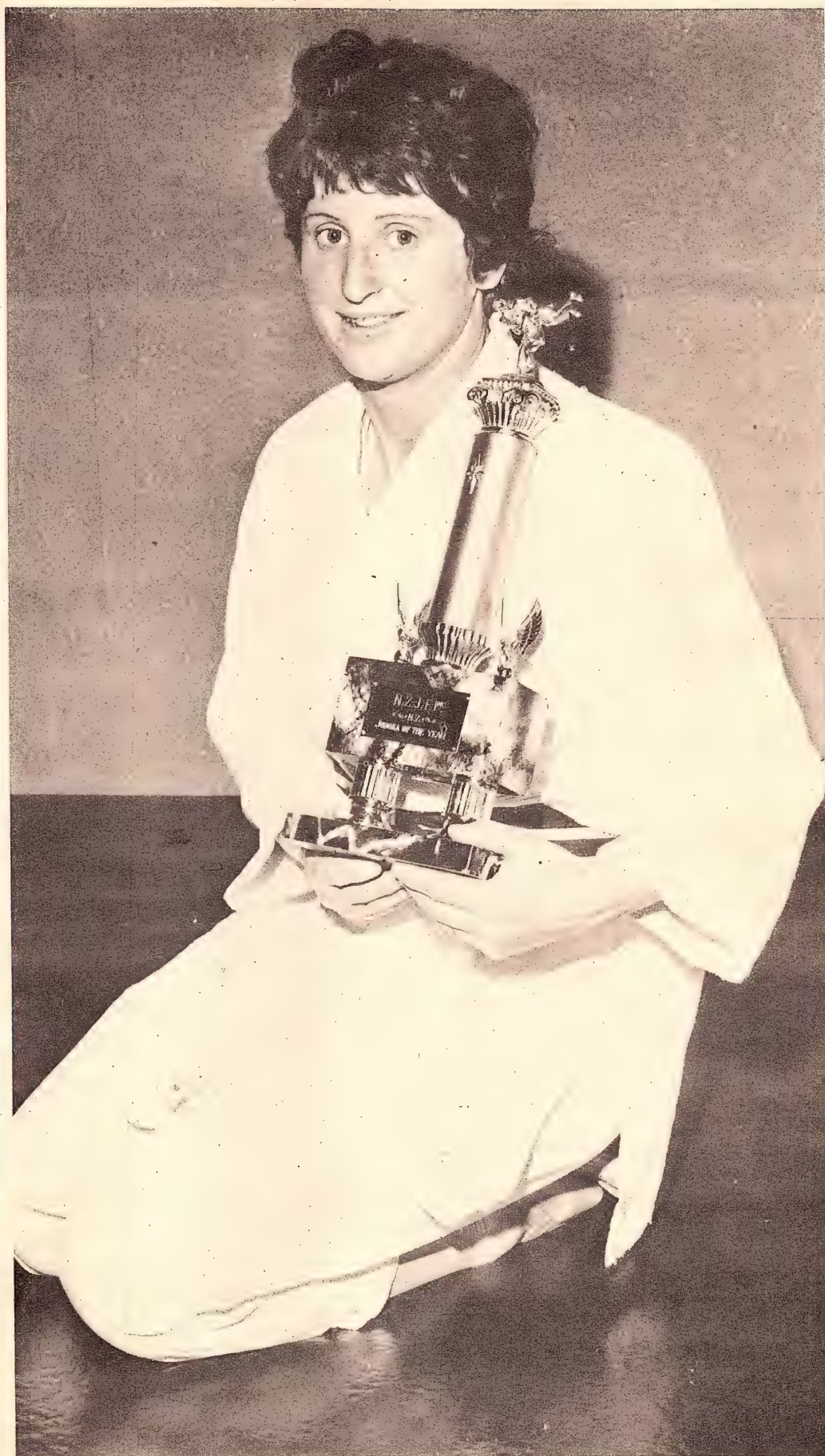
***DON'T** get caught with Elaine! In the top pictures, she defends against a knife attack to the head and follows with a blow to the solar plexus, while below, she flips her 'assailant' with the basic hip-throw, Ogoshi (left), and then beats an attempt to strangle her by means of an armlock endangering the attacker's elbow and wrist.*

Holder of N.Z.
Judoka of the
Year award is
a woman, so...

Don't tangle with Elaine!

Story & pictures by
WILLIAM A. GAMBLE

THE judo and karate exponents about the place have long since given up protesting about the 'deeds' of people like the comely Emma Peel, heroine of the television series, *The Avengers*, and others of her ilk—beautiful, unmuscular slips of girls who toss burly male villains about with the same ease as they'd toss a pillow across a room.



ELAINE BRYSON, second dan judo Black Belt, New Zealand champion, administrator, technical authority and author on the sport—and wife, mother and physical education instructor to boot!

The completely phoney antics of people like TV's Emma have given some of the Japanese martial arts a completely unreal public image. Experienced exponents of judo, for example, who have undergone the years of gruelling training in the activity, find some of the 'Emma Peel' escapades quite laughable. But they're getting tired of laughing.

One who knows that the throws and moves performed with ridiculous ease by the television heroes and heroines are possible only through the use of skilful stunt men and bear little relation to judo as they know it is a Christchurch wife and mother named Elaine Bryson, who twelve years ago, as a young training college student, took on judo as a pursuit to keep her fit and is now the holder of the New Zealand Judoka of the Year Trophy.

Elaine has won Canterbury, South Island and New Zealand championships; she has reached 2nd dan Black Belt status and is on the council of the New Zealand Judo Federation.

For good measure, 31-year-old Elaine has written a much-needed textbook on judo for the particular requirements of New Zealand women and girls.

At the time she took up judo, it was a comparative innovation as a women's activity in this country. There was certainly not the well-organised Women's Technical Council controlling the sport that there is today.

Elaine, who was then at the Dunedin Teachers' College, began judo with male enthusiasts in the Otago University gymnasium. Until then, her sporting activities had been mainly team events.

After one year at Dunedin she settled in Christchurch as a schoolteacher and met her future husband, Des, who was then instructor for the YWCA and Crichton Cobbers Club gymnasium.

Elaine learnt the further principles of judo from Des, who is a first dan Black Belt and has been active in the sport for nearly twenty years.

Five years after she started judo, Elaine was ready to try her Black Belt test. She had graduated to this stage through white, yellow, orange, green, blue and brown belts.

When she gained her first dan Black Belt in 1965, she was only the third woman in New Zealand to do so. She was the first to be tested under what was then a newly introduced judo syllabus for women; the other women had gained their black belts under the men's syllabus.

Perhaps her most memorable year was 1968, when she won the first New Zealand

women's Open Judo championship at Auckland. This was the first year in which women could compete on a national basis; hitherto, the championships were reserved exclusively for men's events.

For the four consecutive years from 1967 to 1970, Elaine Bryson was the South Island champion and was the Canterbury titleholder, as well, in the same years except for 1968. Last year she won the New Zealand over-9st title and was runner-up for the Open championship.

Elaine is the mother of a six-year-old son, Glenn. She weighs about 9½ stone at her best competitive poundage, is 5ft 4in in height and is on the staff of Cashmere High School as physical education instructor.

The Judoka of the Year Trophy she now holds is awarded annually by the New Zealand Judo Federation for outstanding contributions to the sport in any form. It went to Elaine not only because of her active contribution toward judo as a competitor but also in an administrative capacity. For seven years she was secretary of the Canterbury Judo Association and is the South Island representative on the technical council of the national federation.

Her book, *Judo for Women and Girls*, is a guide for female judoka from Yellow Belt to Black Belt. Until its publication, there were no books available in New Zealand which gave full details of *kata* movements and certainly no one book containing all four required *katas* up to the Black Belt.

The *katas*, which comprise the major portion of the book, can perhaps be compared with compulsory gymnastic exercises. Each is a series of movements, generally involving two people, one of whom is the attacker and the other the defender.

"Although the *katas* are generally based on self-defence techniques, poise, posture and control are important benefits which the performer must strive for; indeed, some of the self-defence techniques are stylised to emphasise," said Elaine.

"Before the *Kata* section in the new book was started, I studied each of the *katas* in all available books to decide the most accurate methods to execute each movement," added Elaine.

With Auckland Jan Hargreaves, of the Women's Technical Council, she compared all the variations, based on Jan's personal knowledge from courses she attended in Japan and Australia. The instructor at those courses was

one of the world's three highest-graded women judoka, Miss Fukuda, 5th dan of Japan.

"Following this we spent many hours, assisted at times by Mrs. Margaret Tuck and Miss Clare Zimmerman, in practical sessions in which the most suitable forms of each *kata* were devised.

"All discussions and comments were taped and gone over a number of times and the final recording was the basis of the book.

"I played it almost phrase by phrase many times as I wrote the details of every movement of the two participants in each of the four *katas*.

"It is done in such a way that even a person who had never seen the *katas* demonstrated could, with careful study of the text, learn the exercise to a reasonable standard."

Elaine and Des have their own club, Avonhead Judo Club. There are about 80 members, including 15 girls and father-son and father-daughter duos who enjoy judo together.

Many who go to the club have no wish to take up competitive judo. They merely want to get into good physical shape.

Some of the youngsters in the club who suffer from asthma gain definite relief from their complaint after a course of judo instruction, presumably because an important part of the training is correct breathing.

Just what is involved in achieving the coveted black belt status? A girl starting as a beginner to judo might achieve black belt status in four years, but to attain such status she would need to be completely dedicated and work a minimum of four nights weekly all year round.

In accordance with the New Zealand rules of judo, a minimum of five years is required before one may graduate from first dan Black Belt to second dan, as Elaine Bryson did last Easter, when hers was the distinction of being the first woman to be presented with her second dan in this country (Jan Hargreaves having received hers in Japan).

The Black Belt in itself is top status in judo but awards go to 12th dan. The best achievement by a woman was 5th dan. The top woman in this country is Jan Hargreaves, who is 3rd dan black belt.

There have only been nine women black belt-holders in New Zealand. Six are still active in the sport.

What qualities are needed for judo? Mental and physical alertness rather than sheer

MILESTONES

Birthdays:

GEOFF SMALE, Auckland, N.Z. Flying Dutchman class yachting representative (Olympic Games, 1968, 1972), N.Z. champion in various classes and representative in overseas international events since 1958—48 on November 5.

GRAEME COOKSLEY, Canterbury and New Zealand Kiwi (1969-72) rugby league representative half-back—24 on November 13.

BERT SUTCLIFFE, Rothmans cricket coach, ex-Waikato, Northern Districts, Auckland, Otago and N.Z. (1946-60, 1965-125 matches) test cricketer, former N.Z. captain and selector, holder of many batting records for N.Z. (highest first-class innings of 385, etc)—49 on November 17.

ROSS COLLINGE, Lower Hutt, member N.Z. coxless four-oared rowing crew (including Olympic Games, Mexico, 1968—gold medal; Munich, 1972—silver medal) and of N.Z. champion four (Hutt Valley R.C.), 1968—28 on November 21.

ROBIN SAMPSON, Gisborne, N.Z. archery representative at 1972 Olympic Games—32 on November 23.

BARRY MILBURN, Otago (since 1963-64) and ex-New Zealand (1968-69) cricket representative wicketkeeper—29 on November 24.

JOCK BILGER, Auckland, N.Z. Flying Dutchman representative at 1972 Olympic Games and in many international yachting contests—35 on November 25.

DUDLEY STOREY, Auckland, member N.Z. representative rowing crews at Olympic Games (1964 at Tokyo; 1968 at Mexico City—gold medal in coxless fours; 1972 at Munich—silver medal in coxless fours), U.S. championships (1970), European championships (1971), and of many N.Z. championship crews—33 on November 27.

RICHARD HAWKES, Canterbury and ex-Wellington Wilding Shield tennis player, N.Z. Davis Cup representative (1962-68-69) and N.Z. mixed doubles champion (1965, 1966)—32 on November 29.

Died:

T. R. D. (TOM) WEBSTER, Otago (1941-4 games), N.Z. Navy (1942-2 games), Wellington (1943-5 games), Southland (1946-47-48-49-21 games), and All Black (four of Australia, 1947-3 games; and v. Auckland) rugby full-back—at Christchurch, November 6, aged 52.

strength are important; speed and agility are vital and intensive concentration also is involved.

Perhaps the most single important quality is enthusiasm. Practice . . . practice . . . there is no easy way. Many hours of repetitive work are involved in becoming an expert in judo.

For the first year one might learn 30 different movements and throws but this is a mere fraction of the full repertoire, which involves something like 900 separate movements.

There's no easy way to the top. Perhaps a good example of this was when Elaine Bryson spent four nights a week for a whole year perfecting just one throw!

AND THAT WAS AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF HECTIC ROUGH AND TUMBLE JUDO.



The BRIAN O'BRIEN Column

The Editor looks over the sporting scene

BIGGEST backpedal since the Germans came out of Russia in '44? The British press after the All Blacks had knocked Western Counties handy by 39 points to 12 in their first U.K. tour match and rubbed salt into the wound by scoring their entire seven tries in the backs!

DURING an interview I had with her some weeks ago, before her trip to Australia, that comely Amazon, 'Sabrina', who has taken the wrestling world by storm with her immense bust measurement of 48in, declined to tell me her weight, although, curiously enough, as I remarked at the time, she wasn't reticent about her age. Well, Australian papers have published Sabrina's poundage now; when she beat Sherri Sinatra at Sydney recently, her weight was given as 11st 4lb, which for a girl of her heroic proportions, seems just right.

I MEAN no disrespect to the old *God Save the Queen* but I applaud loud and long—and I'm standing up to do so—whoever it was who decided that New Zealand's rowing gold medal victory at Munich would be acclaimed on the dais by *God Defend New Zealand* and not by the old British anthem. I have a report from the Games which says that New Zealand officials were delighted but said the decision to drop the British anthem for the New Zealand success was not theirs. The Germans, it says, stuck to the pattern established at the flag-raising ceremony in the Olympic Village and simply played New Zealand's tune. Good on them. This will, I hope, set a precedent. New Zealand is

a distinctive country and should have its own distinctive anthem, and *God Defend New Zealand* will do very nicely, I should think. The New Zealand Rugby Union and other major national sporting bodies here should follow the Germans' lead. Let Britain take her anthem into the Common Market and, for our part, let's ask God to defend our free land.

THE difficulty confronting New Zealand's World Cup soccer team, that of obtaining regular, competent, overseas opposition, which it scarcely ever gets, has been highlighted by a recent run-down on England's heavy international programme for the New Year. On January 3 a Great Britain team will play a selection from the Common Market countries and on January 24 the return match will be staged against Wales, in London. On May 12 England will play Ireland in London, on May 16 Wales, on May 19 Scotland, both in London again. June's programme is equally heavy; on the 6th Poland in Warsaw, on the 10th the USSR in Moscow, on the 14th Italy in Milan.

NOTED cricketers have received important appointments from Her Majesty the Queen of late. The former Wellington and New Zealand medium-paced bowler E. D. Blundell, who played against E. R. T. Holmes's M.C.C. XI for New Zealand in 1935-36, has returned from Britain (where for several years he has been High Commissioner) as Sir Dennis Blundell, Governor-General of New Zealand. And G. K. Cakobau (pronounced, of course, Thakom-bau), a double Fiji international at rugby (New Zealand tour of 1939 as five-eighth and captain of the undefeated Fiji side) and

cricket (New Zealand tour of 1947-48 as all-rounder and vice-captain), has been appointed Governor-General of Fiji as Ratu (Prince) Sir George Cakobau, great-grandson of the last King of Fiji, and brother of Ratu Edward Cakobau, who played rugby and cricket for Wanganui and accompanied his older brother on the '47-48 cricket tour. Apart from his seven wickets for 63 against Rangitikei in a minor match on the cricket tour, George Cakobau will be best remembered for his undefeated 67 when Fiji scored its sensational one-wicket victory over Wellington on the Basin Reserve.

SOME non-committee members of the Derbyshire Sporting Club in Derby had the idea that they should titillate their boxing promotions. They thought that boxing evenings would be all the better for a little extra-curricular entertainment and the suggestion was made that they introduce some striptease dancers. But the committee counted out such plans; they saw it that boxers should box and strippers should strip but that ne'er the twain should meet. And club secretary Arthur Hithersay stated that "our committee has decided unanimously to ban strippers from shows."

HONESTLY, you don't know what to do for the best. For years the New Zealand Olympic and Commonwealth Games Association was criticised for sending our Games teams abroad too late and not allowing the competitors sufficient time to acclimatise. Now we have an International Olympic Committee member from Australia, one Hugh Weir, saying he is "afraid the governing bodies

made a mistake—and went against better advice (presumably Mr Weir's)—in sending competitors to Munich too early". Many officials insisted on getting to Munich early so they could adjust to the environment, said Mr Weir.

"I say some—particularly the track and field and rowing contingent (and here one presumes he speaks of the Australian squads)—went far too early. Their early arrival was designed to bring competitors to their peak but it had the opposite effect. The swimmers and cyclists, who preferred to do their training at home, benefited more by going later." And here Mr Weir gets on to our much-criticised track and field lot: "The New Zealand track and field team went to Munich long before the Olympics were scheduled and spent most of their time chasing competition around Europe instead of getting on with their hard training," he said.

"A lot of the pre-Games competition for the track and field teams proved a real flop, producing nothing but injuries on top of poor travel and accommodation. The Russians had the right idea of looking over the facilities and then going straight back home before returning just before the Games commenced." Send 'em early; send 'em late. You just can't please everybody.

AMONG the most curious pieces of reporting all year, count this extract from a newspaper report on the Bay of Plenty v. East Coast rugby match at Whakatane in September: "Despite the large margin, the Bay's play was patchy and wild passing and mishandling spoiled many moves." This reporter must be the hardest to please of them all. Bay of Plenty won the match by 88 points to nine, scoring 17 tries in doing so (an even greater number than Counties scored against the same hapless opponents in beating them, 101-7, about the same period). In an 80-minute match, that's one try every 4½ minutes, and between the time a try is scored, conversion taken and play re-started, at least two minutes surely elapse. There wouldn't have been time for "spoiling" too many moves in what was left. With 17 tries, how many more moves can you set up, anyway!

DO the Welsh want to win ALL the time? Does it never enter their noodles that in every contest, someone has to lose?



N.Z. players will trample on own team mates, says 'Bok skipper



JOHANNESBURG— New Zealanders are not the "dirty" rugby players that "some people" think they are but they play the game hard and mercilessly. This is one of many views that Dawie de Villiers, Springbok captain in 22 tests, expresses on New Zealand rugby in a book "Springbokkaptein Dawie de Villiers", by Roelf Theunissen.

"A visiting team must be fierce to achieve success in New Zealand," says de Villiers. "It must prepare like an animal and go on the field like a warrior. It does not matter how much you appreciate the friendship of the people, their hospitality and sincerity: you can not succeed if you don't give everything you have."

According to de Villiers, a New Zealander who gets hold of the ball will even trample on his own team-mates. The fierceness with which New Zealanders play often gives rise to hard, rough rugby—but they don't play 'dirty'.

New Zealanders are the opposite of the Frenchmen, who sometimes start a fight deliberately. To show temper is a part of the makeup of the French, they also use rough play as a definite tactic. By doing so they try to unsettle the opponents and as soon as that happens, the Frenchmen begin to play rugby.

Dawie says that the All Black forwards of 1965 were the best he ever played against or saw in action. The Springboks found it very difficult to hold them in the tests.

According to Dawie, it was not so much a case of the South African selectors picking the wrong players for that tour as the South African pattern being unequal to that of New Zealand.

In South Africa the accent had been on the running forward in the years preceding the tour and it was simp-

From ROELF

THEUNISSEN

ly impossible for the players to adapt themselves to the New Zealand pattern in so short a time.

Under the rules as they were at that time, the winning of the ball from rucks was of the utmost importance but the Springboks did not have the technique to do so because this aspect of the game was neglected in South Africa.

The Springboks, nonetheless, tried to master the New Zealand type of forward play and succeeded to a remarkable degree, as was obvious later on.

The tour also proved that it is a fallacy to think that

'MANNETJIES' ('Little Man') Roux, whose retaliatory action against a demonstrator nearly caused the abandonment of the riot-ridden tour of Britain by the 1969 Springboks.

big and heavy forwards are needed to counter New Zealand forward play on their muddy grounds.

As far as he is concerned, Dawie says that it was a tremendous honour to be captain of the side but he would have preferred not to have been the captain at such a youthful age.

"Perhaps it was due to the fact that I did not play rugby in 1963 and 1964 because of injury but today I am convinced that a captain should not be too young. He should at least have enough experience, especially when he is to captain a side on a long tour."

Dawie says he returned from the New Zealand tour a little frustrated, a little disappointed and a little embittered. The reasons were partly that he did not achieve the ideals he had set for himself and partly because the team was bitterly criticised after its return.

"I am honest when I say I returned to South Africa discontented. We as a team were criticised far more than was justified."

The team had to swallow the last bitter pill the next year when a Springbok team was selected to play against the Rest in Pretoria. Dawie was against it and spoke to the South African Rugby Board about it but the game went on.

Dawie regards this game as the most unpleasant experience in his whole career—and that includes the 'demo' tour of 1969-70 in the U.K.

The biggest shortcomings in the game of rugby? The fact that it is possible for a side to play negative rugby. He says that when a strong side decides to play negative rugby, it is possible to reach a state of absolute check-mate.

Although he is not in favour of too many changes in the rules, he is convinced that something more than what has already been done is necessary to stamp out negative rugby.

Dawie experienced this sort of rugby at its worst in the last two tests against France in 1967. France had a good side with strong forwards but they absolutely killed the games with their negative approach. It frustrated the spectators and it frustrated the players. Yet there was nothing that could be done about it.

The Argentine has the same approach and if they stick to it when they get stronger it is going to be very difficult to play against them.

The Springboks kept this lesson they learned from France in 1967 in mind when they prepared for the test series against the All Blacks in 1970.

They were very impressed by what they had seen of the 1967 All Blacks in films and by the wonderful exhibitions of the tourists in their early games in South Africa.

The Springboks realised that negative tactics would be necessary. They discussed the plan for the First Test in detail and came to the conclusion that their only chance of success was to disrupt the All Blacks and thus prevent them playing according to their pattern.

The first step in trying to beat the All Blacks was negative—to prevent their forwards from dictating the game. Secondly, the Springboks were convinced that if the All Blacks were to fail with second-phase rugby, they would rather resort to short kicks than to running with the ball.

The second part of the negative approach was to

work out a counter for these kicks, although, with the tests against France in 1967 still in mind, they realised that they would also need a positive attacking plan. Things can come unstuck!

For that, the Springboks had to make use of what they considered their strength and part of that was to get the ball away from the loose scrums as quickly as possible and to create opportunities for their loose forwards to link with the backs in efforts to find gaps. History now records their success.

One chapter of the book is devoted to the demonstrators on the 1969 tour of the U.K. and the conditioning of the Springboks into a state of mind where the demonstrators almost did not exist for them.

The conditioning started in Johannesburg and was continued throughout the tour. It was based on ignoring the demonstrators, not retaliating and doing everything possible to ensure the completion of the tour.

How well the Springboks succeeded in this they did not realise themselves until Marnetjies Roux arrived as a replacement toward the end of the tour.

In the second game at Coventry, Roux kicked a demonstrator on the field of play and hit him with the ball. It was the natural thing to do for any person who had not been through the conditioning.

The implications of this incident, however, could have been far-reaching. In South Africa the story was told in such a way that Roux appeared to be a hero.

The result was that the other players began to ask questions and claimed that the point of the whole incident was that they looked like cowards who did not know how to handle demonstrators. "Perhaps we should do the same" was their reaction.

However, Dawie reveals in the book for the first time that a high-ranking police officer interviewed the tour management after the incident. He warned them that a repetition of the Coventry happening would prevent the police from protecting the Springboks.

"If it happens again there will be no justification for us to act", he said—and that could have meant the end of the tour, of course.

Dawie also reveals that during the Irish section of the tour, when the players already were sick and tired

(Page 56, please)

READERS' LETTERS

She wants to talk rugby to "young N.Z. he-men":

A SOUTH AFRICAN BLONDE "NEITHER FAT NOR THIN"

Sir: I shall be very pleased if you will kindly publish this letter in your magazine. I am a South African girl, 19 years old, blonde hair, neither fat nor thin, and I am Afrikaans-speaking (although my English is also passable). I am a librarian by profession, and at present work in the University of South Africa Library (the university has 30,000 students, black and white). My main interests are sports (rugby union, tennis, camping, and sensual dancing), politics and, of course, reading.

I would like to get in touch with New Zealanders of all types and ages (but preferably some of the young New Zealand he-men!). Firstly, because I am planning to settle in New Zealand next year or in 1974 (probably in Christchurch), and secondly, because I want to discuss the proposed 1973 Springbok rugby tour with New Zealanders, as well as other topics of mutual interest. In short, I want to make friends.

With regard to the Springbok tour issue, I want to stress it that I am backing the attitude of Dr Craven, president of the S.A. Rugby Board, that the players should be chosen on merit. In condemning this, I think, the S.A. Government is slightly out of touch with what the ordinary man in South Africa wants. At one time or the other it will have to start practising what it so consistently preaches to others—Keep Politics Out Of Sport.

On the other hand, I want to warn you that nothing you, or anyone else outside South Africa, can do through demonstrations, etc., will ever induce the S.A. Government to alter its policies. It will make them only more deliberate than before. The only way that change will be brought about in South Africa is through the polling booth.

This may sound futile to outsiders, but what you do not realise is that about 43% of the white S.A. electorate (voters) is against the apartheid policies of the ruling Nationalist government, and our numbers are growing every day. Yes, I am proud to say that I am one of that 43% (I am a member of the United Party, which stands for fellowship between the races).

To end with a last request: Can anyone please inform me where I can get in touch with Ian Kirkpatrick and Sid Going. They were my heroes in the 1970 All Black touring side in South Africa. In the meantime, I am eagerly watching the post for letters from New Zealand.

ANINA LOUW (MISS)

Miss Louw's address is: P.O. Box 27126, Sunnyside, Pretoria, South Africa.—Ed.

U.K. BOWLING TENNIS COUPLE

Sir: My husband and I work for a private bowling and tennis club here in Surrey as groundsman and caterer respectively and we would like to make friends of couples in the same line of work in New Zealand with mutual exchange of information and ideas. We promise to answer all letters.

MR & MRS H. McGRANDLES

The McGrandles' address: 30 Devon Rd., Cheam, Surrey, England.—Ed.



Horse of the Month

By S. V. McEWEN

("St Simon")

DHOW SAILS THROUGH WELLINGTON MEETINGS

ANY inclination by smug North Islanders to undervalue the merit of South Island form was promptly rebuffed by the Riccarton-trained filly Dhow on her visit to the Wellington district in October. She won the Lowland Stakes at Masterton and the New Zealand Guineas at Trentham, but a setback prevented her from showing her best form in the Desert Gold Stakes.

The Lowland Stakes was run for the first time at the Masterton Racing Club's centennial meeting. It commemorates the name of Te Parae Stud's crack Agricola filly, who did all her racing from J. B. Cummings' stable in Adelaide on lease to an Australian syndicate.

For this syndicate she won 10 races, including the Sydney Cup, A.J.C. Oaks and S.A.J.C. St Leger and in 14 meetings with the dual Melbourne Cup winner Rain Lover, beat him on eight occasions.

Te Parae Stud generously sponsored the Lowland Stakes with a free service to Oncidium and as these are extremely hard to obtain, there was keen competition for the race, 17 three-year-old fillies tackling Dhow, who was the favourite. An excellent con-

test ended with Dhow showing the utmost courage to win by a short head from Fair Mellay.

The long Masterton straight imposes a good test of stamina but, in spite of her winning form, Dhow was at big odds a week later when she contested the valuable New Zealand Guineas, which, since its establishment in 1942, had been known as the Wellington Guineas.

Fourteen colts and geldings and another filly, Touch 'n Go, were opposed to Dhow for this \$10,000 classic in which Dhow took the honours by threequarters of a length from Touch 'n Go, with the favourite, Black Rod, a head away third.

It was a fine contest with the honours going to the only fillies in the field. In 31 races,

Dhow is the seventh filly to win. Those of her sex to win before her have all been good ones—Bridge Acre, Passive, Blyton, Cicada, Honey Belle and Sheralee.

The second race for the Guineas at Trentham in 1943 was won by Tara King, a massive colt by Beau Pere, who was trained at Trentham and ridden in the race by Percy Burgess.

He carried the colours of his breeders, Messrs P. A. and T. J. O'Neill, of Wanganui, who bred the horses they raced at their Ann Bank Stud at Turakina.

The following month, Tara King won the New Zealand Derby at Riccarton as his half-brother, Lowenberg, had done for the O'Neill Brothers eight years earlier. They were sons of the Chief Ruler mare, Zarene, who is the fourth dam of Dhow.

Their half-sister Trim, who was by Lackham, was sent to Australia to be mated with Beau Pere and the result was the filly Belle Fille, who never raced but bred ten foals, five of them winning 40 races.

The best of them were McCool (by Balloch), who won 14, and Shoal (by Dogger Bank), who won 15, including the Dunedin Cup and Canterbury Cup. Shoal has had four of her progeny to race and Dhow is by far the best of them.

Dhow was a stakes winner as a two-year-old, two of her four wins at this age being in the Canterbury Welcome Stakes and the Dunedin Champagne Stakes.

In her opening start as a three-year-old, she won the John Grigg Stakes at Ashburton before her winning visit to the North Island in October.

Dhow was bred and is raced by Mr and Mrs J. F. Tutton, who conduct the Swannanoa Stud near Rangiora.

They stand Dhow's sire, Final Orders, at their stud and Dhow's form is sure to win him patronage.

Final Orders was bred by Mr J. A. Higgs, of Wellington and is from the same family from which Mr Higgs bred Classic Mission, the colt who won the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies a year ago for S. A. Brown's stable.

Final Orders is by Final Court, whose premature death at the Fencourt Stud in Cambridge was a severe loss to New Zealand breeding. He was a superbly-bred horse and sired some high-class winners during his brief career.

He represented the staying line of Precipitation, which enriched racing in New Zealand and Australia with the stallions Summertime, Agricola, Count Rendered and Admiral's Luck.

Final Orders made a promising start when he won the first four races he contested, including two at Trentham, but he ran only nine times before recurring soreness forced his retirement.

Classic Mission's dam, Angalet, and Final Orders' second dam, Decorous, were half-sisters and members of a family from which Mr Higgs has bred a long list of winners.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BLUE-WATER CHALLENGES

Sydney to Hobart on Boxing Day



ONDINE II, the \$500,000 American flier, takes line honours at Hobart from a fleet of 67 yachts which set sail from Sydney in 1968. A 73ft ketch, *Ondine* flies her huge red, white and blue spinnaker after fighting tricky weather all the way for 4 days, 3 hours, 20 minutes and 2 seconds (corrected time: 4:10:53:36).

ONE OF the greatest blue water challenges in the world faces more than 80 yawls, cutters, sloops and ketches as they manoeuvre their way through a myriad of farewelling craft on Sydney Harbour on Boxing Day and set sail out into the Tasman Sea.

By GERRY WHITING

The Melbourne Sporting Globe

This mass exodus to the open seas will signal the start of the 29th Sydney to Hobart yacht race, a 680-mile ocean classic ranked high in the international yachting world and which frequently finds challengers from outside Australian waters—they include New Zealanders—battling it out with the cream of local deep-water racing craft.

From the moment the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, V.C., fires the starter's pistol from HMAS Archer at the traditional 11 a.m. Boxing Day starting time, the tactical tussle for line and race honours (on corrected time), which will continue for 3½ days, perhaps four, will be on in earnest.

For, whatever period it takes to make port in Tasmania, it will be the inevitable battle of man against the fickle weather of the Tasman Sea, later Bass Strait and, in the dying stages of the race, the unpredictable Derwent River.

Northerlies, westerlies, southerly gales, light winds which make progress slow, flat calms, squalls or just ideal sailing conditions, you name it and it's a safe bet those waters have turned it on for the yachtsmen over the past 28 years—and will continue to do so as long as this great race is sailed.

And even after the tough ocean run has been finally conquered and the comparative shelter of Tasmanian waters come up, there is no certainty that the run home up the Derwent will be an easy-going straight-ahead affair.

Hobart folk know only too well of the long hours of waiting for a winner, even after leading boats have found their way well into the Derwent.

Sudden calms which can hold the racing craft motionless for hours only a few miles from the finishing line are not an unfamiliar sight for cliff-watching Tasmanians who have learned to live with the fact that they can spend many weary hours simply waiting and watching, or listening to radio reports, before they can share in the thrills of yet another Sydney-Hobart finish, no matter whether it comes in the morning, or middle of the or night.

This is the challenging, thrilling, perhaps at times dangerous sport which has brought crack racing yachts through many thousands of



SYDNEY

HOBART

rough ocean miles from the United States, Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Canada, Japan and New Zealand to do battle annually with 60 to 70 top Australian keelers.

It is the race which, from a humble beginning in 1945 when only nine faced the starter, has, in the 27 years since, drawn just on 850 yachts—many of them from overseas—with their thousands of experienced crewmen who make the sea their hobby.

And, it has kept intact over all those years the reassuring record of never having lost a man or a boat.

So competent, in fact, are the blue-water sailors who man the sleek racing craft in this, the Melbourne Cup of yachting, that, in the 28 races to date, less than 120 have failed to make it to the finishing line—most after having lost the unequal battle with the gruelling open-sea weather conditions—while only three have been disqualified.

The top-level international interest in the classic is clearly reflected in just a handful of the performances of overseas entrants in more recent years:

HOLLAND—Fastest time in 1965 with Stormvogel.

FRANCE—Pen-Duick III first across the line in 1967.

NEW ZEALAND—Winner of the 1968 race with Chris Bouzaid's Rainbow in corrected time of 3 days, 16 hours, 39 minutes, 15 seconds—the first yacht from outside Australia to win this demanding marathon.

UNITED STATES—Ondine II first across the line in 1968.

GREAT BRITAIN—Morning Cloud, owned and skippered by Prime Minister Edward Heath, winner in 1969.

The idea for the now internationally famous Sydney—Hobart race came from a Royal Navy officer, Captain John Illingworth, who set the ball rolling in 1945 with a challenge to all-comers to race his 34ft Bermudan cutter, Rani, between the two ports.

Eight took up his challenge, but Captain Illingworth's yacht, after being "lost" for several days, finally crossed the line in the Derwent 6 days, 14 hours, 22 minutes, 35 seconds after heading out of Sydney Harbour to take both line and race honours.

His crew had been 17 hours in port before the second boat limped in.

Although he's out of active racing these days, Captain Il-

lingworth still takes a keen interest in his brainchild.

The helmsman on Rani used to tell an amusing story of the return trip to Sydney after the initial race.

Captain Illingworth had given him strict instructions to hug the shore by night as Rani made her way back up the coast.

"How will I know when we're too close inshore?" the helmsman queried his skipper.

"WHEN YOU HEAR THE DOGS BARKING IN THE PADDOCKS," THE CAPTAIN REPLIED.

Yachtsmen who line up at a special function in Hobart, a day or two after the long race finishes, to receive any one of the formidable array of race trophies will, no doubt, be just as proud as the owner who leads in a Melbourne Cup winner.

Heading the trophy list is the Royal Ocean Racing Club of England perpetual plaque for the overall winner on corrected time.

The winning owner also holds the Tasmanian Government perpetual trophy for a year, and receives the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia trophy, while there's a special trophy for the navigator of the winner, with medallions for all crew members.

The J. H. Illingworth perpetual cup goes to the owner of the first yacht across the line.

Even if they miss out on any of the big ones, competitors still have a chance to collect any one of many other trophies sailed for annually.

Here's the easiest way to identify the various types of racing craft in this year's race:

SLOOP—One mast, one headsail.

CUTTER—One mast, two or more headsails—this requires the mast to be stepped further aft than in a sloop.

YAWL—Two masts with the shorter aftermast (mizzen) being stepped aft of the waterline.

KETCH—Two masts with the shorter aftermast (mizzen) being stepped forward of the rudder post.

Many will be racing flat out for race honours—if it comes to some of the others it will be the case of "the bolter" turning up as, without a doubt, some of the crews, while enthusiasts, enter simply for the thrills and challenges which the Tasman and Bass Strait provide.

For those who are fortunate enough to beat the weather and make it to the finishing line in good time and without a hitch, all may not be won or lost for a day or two after they finish, until final corrected times are computed under the complicated international Offshore Rule (I.O.R.).

This rule involves many details regarding the features which tend to make a yacht go faster or slower, and, to set an overall standard scale of marks, some of the most competent yachtsmen literally crawl over and right through competing yachts before arriving at a fair basis.

In all, an average of about 16 hours is taken up in the measurement of each competitor, during which time about 80 measurements are taken of the hull, spares and sails, while the yacht is heeled over by means of weights to determine its stability.

No less exhaustive are the safety standards set for competitors, with another panel of experienced yachtsmen probing each yacht to ensure all safety regulations are observed, or seeking any construction or fitting-out defects which could endanger the safety of crews in rough ocean conditions.

Apart from 23 items of standard safety equipment set down in racing rules, there is much additional emergency equipment recommended by the safety committee which is normally carried by competitors.

One thing is certain about this year's start—up to half a million Sydneysiders will again be packing the natural amphitheatres of the harbourside and adjoining ocean beach cliffs to give a rousing send-off to the huge racing fleet.



THE sleek lines of the ocean racers are typified in this picture of Ondine II and Rage, two American keelers, setting off down Sydney Harbour bound for Hobart. Ondine is a 73-footer and Rage 52ft.

VETERAN FIELDS IN ONE TON CUP

TWO of New Zealand's three One Ton Cup representatives in Auckland waters in 1971, Young Nick (third placed on that occasion) and Wai-Aniwa (fifth in the 17-yacht field), again will fly this country's pennant in the 1972 contest in Sydney from December 9-20.

The third entrant on that occasion, Escapade (seventh) has been replaced by Pathfinder, but only five-eighths of a point separated Escapade from the third yacht to gain selection, Young Nick, when final trial points were posted in October.

On Wai-Aniwa, the Sydney contest will be 29-year-old Chris Bouzaid's fourth One Ton Cup attempt, previous sailings having brought him final placings of second, first and fifth.

And when Rainbow II, skippered by Bouzaid, won the Cup off Heligoland in 1969, one of his crew was Roy Dickson, who will now skipper Pathfinder in this month's series.

The third New Zealand skipper will be the former navalman Peter Mulgrew on Young Nick. As the *N.Z. Herald* has said, "the selection of Young Nick has been a personal triumph for Mulgrew."

"In last year's trials, Mulgrew, with Dickson sailing with him, nearly caused an upset with the small Townson-designed Moonlight.

"Before the start of this year's trials it was said that Young Nick was outdated—Mulgrew had other ideas.

"With the same tenacity that stamped him as a renowned explorer and mountaineer, Mulgrew engendered team spirit among his crew to retain Nick in the top bracket of One-Tonners.

"The performance of Young Nick in the trials is a great credit to Mulgrew and the co-owner, Mr L. J. Fisher, who originally commissioned the building of the yacht for last

year's defence of the cup in Auckland."

The New Zealand team has been described as "a well-balanced selection and, on form, the best New Zealand has to offer."

The selection once again bears witness to the dominance of the American design firms of Sparkman and Stephens and Dick Carter in modern One-Ton racing.

No other designer has won the contest, and if New Zealanders have their way no other designer will win in Sydney. Wai-Aniwa is Carter-designed and the other two craft are to Sparkman and Stephens specifications.

World champion One Ton Cup yacht skipper Syd Fischer failed in his title defence bid when his name was omitted from Australia's team. The paradox of the selection is that while Fischer will not get an opportunity to defend his title, world champion One Ton Cup yacht Stormy Petrel will.

Fischer won the title with Stormy Petrel and then sold her to Charles Curran. He then went to New Zealand and chartered the yacht Escapade, arriving back in Sydney two days before the five-race selection series in which he failed to score a first place.

The team will be:

Mark Twain, owned by Ron Langman (Victoria) with America's Cup skipper Jock Sturrock, a famous name in Australian deep-water sailing, at the helm;

Stormy Petrel, winner of the Cup in Auckland early in 1971 (with Syd Fischer at the helm), owned by Charles Curran with Graham Newland as helmsman;

Pilgrim, owned by Graham Evans with Jim Burke and Col Betts sharing the helm.

Informed Sydney opinion is

THE NEW ZEALAND ONE TON CUPPERS

WAI-ANIWA:

Owned by Ray Walker, skippered by Chris Bouzaid (Auckland).

Length 39ft 4in, beam 11ft 2in, construction aluminium, design by Dick Carter (USA).

Built in 1970 by Steel Yachts & Launches.

Trial placings: 6th, 2nd, 1st, 1st, (45pts); overall position, first.

Crew: Chris Bouzaid (skipper), age 29, sailmaker; Bevan Woolley (navigator), 42, dentist; John Woolley (co-helmsman), 26, solicitor; Gil Littler (for'ard hand), 27, boatbuilder; Joe Macky (mast), 20, student; Ray Walker (cockpit), 48, company director, and owner of Wai-Aniwa.

PATHFINDER:

Owned by Ian Titchener, skippered by Roy Dickson (Auckland).

Length 38ft 7in, beam 11ft 9in, construction timber; design by Olin Stephens (USA).

Built in 1971 by Brin Wilson. Trial placings: 4th, 1st, 2nd, 2nd, 3rd (42½pts), overall position, second.

Crew: Roy Dickson (skipper), age 41, consultant engineer; John Bullock (navigator), 22, accountant; Murray White (co-helmsman), 39, company director; Phillip Steggall (for'ard hand), 19, sailmaker; John Asbey-Palmer (mast), 26, civil engineer; Hamish Loadman (cockpit), 24, draughtsman.

YOUNG NICK:

Owned by Lou Fisher and Peter Mulgrew, skippered by Peter Mulgrew (Auckland).

Length 36ft 2in, beam 10ft 10in, construction timber; design by Olin Stephens (USA).

Built in 1970 by Brin Wilson.

Trial placings: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 3rd, 5th (40½pts), overall position, third.

Crew: Peter Mulgrew (skipper), age 42, company director; Ken Mulgrew (navigator), 33, airline pilot; Mike Spanhake (co-helmsman), 24, sailmaker; Tim Gurr (for'ard hand), 23, boatbuilder; Thomas Lewerenz (mast), 26, banker; Steve Fisher (cockpit), 24, company assistant-manager.

that Australia's best prospects of retaining the One Ton Cup will repose in Pilgrim.

Although Pilgrim has been racing for only a short time under skipper Graham Evans and sailing master Jim Burke, she has built up a fine record.

The yacht won division two of the Montagu and was fifth overall. One of the yachts she beat both off scratch and handicap was the bigger and generously handicapped Caprice.

Pilgrim is going faster than last year, when she won those off-shore races and finished the Sydney-Brisbane race with the record and handicap honours.

Although Pilgrim will be favourite, she will have a very hard tussle against Mark Twain, her sister ship, and Stormy Petrel.

New Zealand, the United States and Australia will have the full complement of three

representatives apiece in the contest, but there will be entries also from Britain, Germany, Sweden, Japan and Hong Kong.

Auckland yachtsman W. E. Hurst, who recently spent a month in Japan during a yachting round-the-world tour, says that the "Japanese yacht clubs and facilities are just so much ahead of ours and their boats, mainly in the 25 to 30ft range, just do not warrant the amenities.

"However," he said, "they are dead keen and will be shipping two yachts to Sydney for the One Ton Cup."

The first race in the challenge series will be sailed on December 9, with subsequent races on December 11, 14, 16 and 20.

Regardless of the outcome of this year's contest, under OTC rules the event will be sailed in European waters in 1973.



ROBERT BRUCE, heavyweight champion of the British Commonwealth.

"Who was this Blomfield and what was the octopus clamp? asks big Robert Bruce

Commonwealth champ looking into Lofty's 'Octopus Clamp'

AS HE began to move into New Zealand wrestling circles on his arrival from Britain last March, black-bearded Robert Bruce, one of the most magnificently built wrestlers of the day, was struck by the frequency with which he heard the names 'Lofty Blomfield' and 'Octopus Clamp'. And this prompted enquiries by the 6ft 3in Scot who weighs 19st 10lb and has a mighty 53in chest and 20in neck.

"Who was this Blomfield?" Bruce asked himself out of curiosity. "What was the Octopus Clamp?" So eventually he asked others, was told—and was interested.

Wrestling promoter Steve Rickard next showed him pictures of New Zealand's most popular native wrestling son (Lofty died last year, aged 62) and other shots, in Wallie Ingram's 'Sporting Life' *Guide to Wrestling*, once an annual sporting treat in New Zealand sports publishing, of the famed 'Clamp' in the various stages of its application.

ROBERT BRUCE WAS MORE THAN INTERESTED NOW—HE WAS HOOKED!

And he resolved that one day, he too would master the intricacies of this punishing hold which once defied two residents of Petone to release themselves from it and required police help.

Since then, Robert has been trying out the early stages of the 'Clamp' but will not use it until he can perfect it—and this very feat took Blomfield himself many months. But one day, he's going to pop up with it—and opponents, beware!

His own specialty right now is his 'Hangman's Hold' and he has based his wrestling more on submission-type holds than on the prettier and less effective moves.

It's a case of "submit—or else" with Robbie Bruce and none of his opponents ever waits about to see what the "or else" entails!

Robert showed the first glimmering of interest in New Zealand when he met an Auckland girl, Lynne, who was in England on a working holiday. They married and, when Mrs Bruce wanted to see her homeland again after six years' absence, her wrestling husband came too.

Is Lynne happy with him being in the wrestling game?

"I met her when I was a wrestler and I married her when I was a wrestler. She only knows me as a wrestler and is perfectly happy with things as they are," says Robert.

An interview by BRIAN O'BRIEN

"Besides," Robert told me, "while wrestling has been a good thing in Britain, the rising cost of living there, decimalisation and the EEC have had their effect and I didn't need much talking into coming out to New Zealand by my wife, especially when my preliminary enquiries among the wrestling promoters here bore promise."

Since coming out, Robert has won the British Commonwealth heavyweight championship, defeating 'Big John' Da Silva for the title he in turn had won from the Canadian George Gordienko, and defending it successfully five times—against Da Silva (twice), Peter Fanene Maivia, the Samoan, 'Irish Pat' Barrett and Bruno Bekkar.

In the U.K., he had met every top British and European heavyweight, including Billy Robinson, former claimant of the world title, and Albert 'Rocky' Wall, the former 'private eye' from Doncaster who is the present champion of Britain.

Wrestling for American promoter James Barnett in Australia, he has locked horns with Spiros Arion, Mark Lewin, Bulldog Brower, Ajeet Singh, Mario Milano, Thunder-

bolt Patterson, Sweet Daddy Siki, King Curtis and all the other American big names who nowadays flock to the Australian circuit, especially in the American 'off' season.

One of the highlights of Robert Bruce's eight years in professional wrestling was his appearance in front of the Duke of Edinburgh on a big international card at the Royal Albert Hall in London.

If you were to term Robert Bruce 'Mr All-Sport', you could not be far off the mark. Consider that he:

- Is a first dan Black Belt judoka, and had his own club, Tora Kawa (River of Tigers).
- Played rugby football for Musselburgh club, a seaside town near Edinburgh, as a prop or lock.
- Was a shot putter and javelin thrower in athletic events.
- And, of course, is British Commonwealth wrestling champion.

To embellish further such versatility, he is also a film actor, having played the role of a 'heavy' (what else!) in Stanley Kubrick's controversial film, *Clockwork Orange*, currently running throughout

New Zealand. For the purposes of the film, he was required to appear clean-shaven and thus dispose of his beard.

He has done numerous commercials for British television, mainly for anything that needs a physique.

Since he began wrestling, Robert Bruce has wrestled or seen a good cross-section of the world's better-class heavyweights. I asked him who were those who had most impressed him.

"In Britain," he replied, "the heavyweight champion, Albert Wall. Albert was once a miner, then a private detective and now a professional wrestler. His hobbies are shooting and hunting and he favours flying head butts and submission holds, so you can see he is the type of man who has to have action all the time.

"The best wrestler in Europe, in my opinion, is the Hungarian, Tibor Szakacs, who is the only man to have won the Royal Albert Hall annual international tournament five times.

"In the United States, I think the present National Wrestling Alliance world champion, Dory Funk Jr, is top man. I'm told he is coming out to New Zealand in February and I hope to be one of those he defends his world championship against.

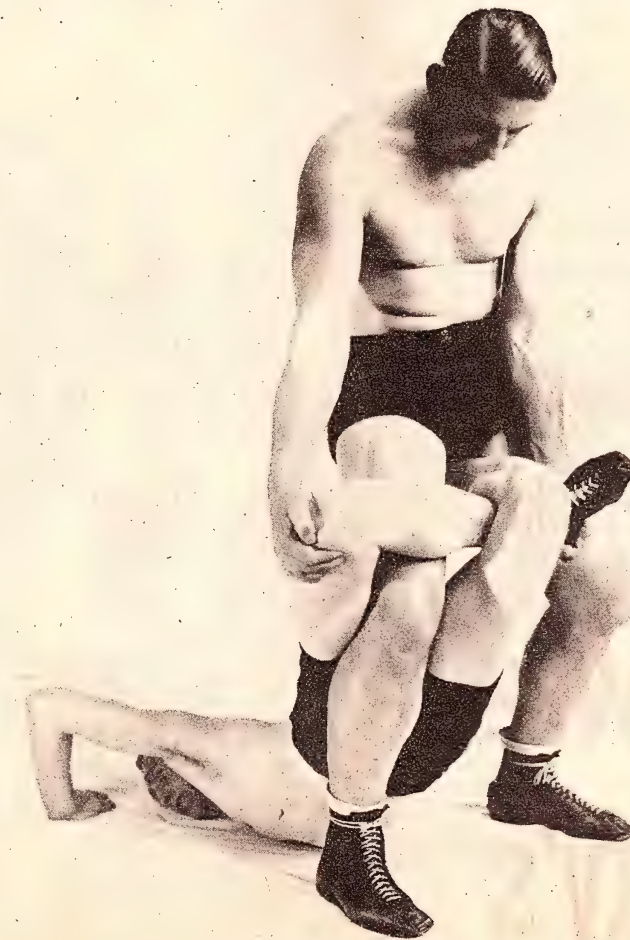
"Among them all, however, I rate none higher than Karl Gotch, a Belgian by birth who is held in the highest esteem all over the world. They all know he is the danger man to all the champions and he is unlucky never to have held the world title.

"I have never wrestled Gotch—that is his ring name, after the great Frank Gotch, of Iowa, U.S., whose matches with George Hackenschmidt 60 years ago in America remain the most famous in wrestling history—but I have seen him and spoken to many top wrestlers about him. They want no part of him if they can help it!

"At 17½ stone, he is a big man but not a mammoth. He has a very commanding presence and you immediately know you are in the company of a great athlete."

Bruce's immediate future concerns offers to wrestle in South Africa in February, in Beirut in March, in Germany from June to September and in Nigeria in October. He is at present sorting them out before making any decisions. And, of course, he can pop across to Australia at any time.

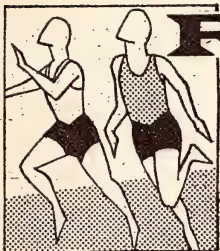
AND IN THE MEANTIME? BACK TO THE 'OCTOPUS CLAMP'!



LOFTY BLOMFIELD and the Octopus Clamp.



Lydiard



Running Commentary

by p.n.heidenstrom

'Angled' reporting from the Olympic Games had Arthur Lydiard coaching everyone!

IN JOURNALISM as in the crime world, "ya gotta have an angle." Sure, but the angle pursued by some New Zealand journalists at the Munich Olympics was just ridiculous. It got to such a stage that if a pole vaulter from Outer Mongolia stopped Arthur Lydiard and asked the way to the loo, some journalist would cable back that Mr Lydiard was "coaching" the fellow!

Indeed the whole business reached such ridiculous heights that it would be beneath notice—but for the fact that it did such a disservice to Arthur Lydiard and such an injustice to New Zealand coaches. In this day and age, to say that one man—any man—could be single-handedly responsible for Finland's gold medals in the 1500, 5000, and 10,000 metres, and New Zealand's two finalists in the 1500, is just not living in the world of reality.

How much Mr Lydiard actually and personally coached Pekka Vasala and Lasse Viren I do not know, but overseas reports from usually reliable sources suggest that Viren had never actually met the New Zealand trainer and that Vasala's coach is Rolf Haikkola.

This I do know, however, that Rodney Dixon has been coached from the start of his career some four years ago by his brother John, while Tony Polhill was coached for

an even longer period by Bryan Wilson, and certainly up until last year.

As I believe Mr Lydiard was at pains to point out recently, and as should not need to be explained to anyone informed about sport, it takes many months, and more usually years, to bring an athlete up to Olympic level.

Again, it is just not facing reality to imagine that any man could make an Olympic finalist of an athlete in a few weeks, even coaching



JOHN DIXON, who has coached his younger brother Rodney, Olympic 1500 metres bronze medallist, throughout his entire track and cross-country career.

full-time, much less "advising him on an informal basis"—whatever that journalistic waffle may mean, if it is intended to mean anything at all.

Proper credit for New Zealand's two 1500 metres finalists must go to John Dixon and Bryan Wilson, and I'm sure, knowing Arthur Lydiard, that he would be the first to insist on that. Perhaps he did—but then that would not have made a "story".

It was pleasing to see one writer, Terry Baker of the *Dominion*, Wellington, making sure that Wellington readers at least knew the true story of how John Dixon had sacrificed his own career for his younger brother's advancement. Unfortunately the rest of the country must be still labouring under misconceptions emanating from Munich.

And how many New Zealanders realise the superb skill of Bryan Wilson through the initial years in keeping Polhill's track career alive at all? Because of his charge's recurrent foot troubles from early childhood, a special training regimen had to be devised for him. A schedule of the Lydiard type could have cracked Polhill for good, years ago.

Some at home were openly critical of Polhill's ninth place in the Olympic final. Obviously they failed to realise, as we pointed out last August, that Polhill did not have the background strength to run a series of fast races; that there would be heats, semis, and final on successive days at Munich, whereas even Peter Snell had it easy with a day's rest between races when he won in 1964.

It was therefore something of a miracle that Polhill got into the top ten metric milers in the world. Now there *was* a story, had any journalist at Munich been enterprising enough to see it.

While on the subject of training, let's mention that John Dixon employed schedules based partly on Lydiard principles and partly on Dixon's own ideas. Perhaps we should amend that first part to "Finnish principles", because the L.S.D. (long, slow distances) that forms the basis of Lydiard conditioning work was appreciated and used in Finland at least 60 years ago.

I have never forgotten John Eccles (nowadays New Zealand's veteran competitive distance runner) impressing on me as a lad that long, slow running was the way to build strength and stamina, and describing how

Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn of the 1920s, used to run for hours through the forests and behind the trams along the streets of Turku.

Nurmi learnt the importance of this training from countryman Hannes Kolehmainen, first man to win the Olympic 5000 and 10,000 metres double (in 1912) and victor in the marathon eight years later.

How ironical that a New Zealander, Arthur Lydiard, should teach the Finns the method they themselves invented, and thus help in the rebirth of the Finnish juggernaut of the 1920s and 1930s.

Now New Zealand coaches are not without their faults, but lack of knowledge and skill in applying it are not among them. As a class, you won't find coaches more expert anywhere in the world.

There is no uniquely "correct" theory of training, no one who has the only answer that meets all needs. Our coaches are quite capable of weighing up the competing theories and selecting the best features of each that most suit their pupils.

That's why it was unfair and untrue to suggest, as was reported from Munich after the Finnish victories, that "they could have been New Zealanders out there today." Also unfair, and unworthy of its author, was the reported comment of a well-known Lydiard pupil that our athletes were not properly prepared.

In the first place, this ignores the injuries suffered by several New Zealanders, notably Dick Quax. In the second, it ignores the fact that there has never lived an athlete who did not have an off-day through no fault of his own or of his coach.

In the third place, it ignores the fact that at least one of the unsuccessful Kiwis was trained by Mr Lydiard himself. It is no more fair to say that Quax and the others would have won gold medals had Lydiard been coaching them than it is fair to say that "X" would have won gold had Lydiard not been coaching him.

As this is written I have just read yet another letter to the editor of the local daily demanding to know why Arthur Lydiard is not New Zealand's official coach. Unfortunately as it is that a man's honoured name should be dragged in public controversy, I believe it is past the time when the ghost of Mr Lydiard's supposed renunciation by his own country should be laid to rest.

Now to employ a full-time professional coach—which is

the kind of position one imagines Mr Lydiard would be interested in—would cost between \$20,000 and \$30,000, even for a short-term contract. I'm not the treasurer of the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association, but I'm sure that Mr G. W. Jackman, who is, would tell any interested enquirer that that kind of money is neither available nor likely to be.

Perhaps it might become so if sport ever became part of the machinery of the State. (Remembering the mess that politicians sometimes make of their own game, I hope they never get let loose on other people's).

But if so, the money would in any case be far better spent on the real need in athletics: more and better competition for our athletes, the kind of competition that brings out the Snells, Dixons and Polhills.

Imagine for a moment that finance was unlimited. I wonder whether, even then, the N.Z.A.A.A. would hire a professional coach.

New Zealand could only have remained the last bastion of amateur sport because most New Zealanders want it that way. They want sport, in my opinion, to remain essentially "a kind of Saturday afternoon recreation", as it was sarcastically described by the chairman of the so-called N.Z. Federation of Sport. And what's wrong with that?

What's wrong with wanting sport to remain of the sportsman, by the sportsman and for the sportsman? Who wants it to be the preserve of the gifted few, a bone for politicians to fight over, a plum for big business to suck dry, a plaything of professional agitators, ambitious administrators, angry young men, angry old men?

Besides, pay big money to one man in the sport, and how can you be fair to the hundreds of voluntary coaches and administrators whose overall contribution to the sport is immeasurably greater than the one man's could ever be?

However, assuming despite all these objections that a professional coach did come to be appointed, he would need to be the man who could do the best for the sport as a whole.

Mr Lydiard is a superb conditioner of distance runners, but would he have the background, or even the inclination, to coach the highly technical events like vaulting, hurdling, jumping, sprinting, and heaving shots, javelins and the like?

Here should be stressed

what ought to be obvious already—that this is not a criticism of Mr Lydiard's methods or of the man himself. His success with Murray Halberg alone would place him beyond the reach of criticism.

But it is only fair to all parties to correct a misunderstanding prevalent among the public and press, by pointing out that New Zealand athletics cannot afford a professional national coach; and even if there was the wish and the money, to appoint anyone without the widest possible qualifications, experience, and interests, would be unfair and unacceptable to the majority of athletes, many of whom are among the most dedicated and loyal in the sport.

The successes of Dixon, Quax until he was injured, and other greats of the past like Yvette Williams, Valerie Sloper, Peter Welsh, Mary Donaghy, Les Mills, David Norris and Marise Chamberlain prove that we have coaches right here who, though largely without honour in their own country, can produce champions in all the events of the track and field calendar.

There is no need to go overseas, nor even to the big cities, for you will find such coaches in the Nelsons, the Wanganuis, the Tokoroas, the Papakuras, and the Taihapes of this land. Hence I was delighted to read of Rodney Dixon's lack of interest in the lure of the big lights when he said, "Nelson still looks good enough to me."

To go back to where we came in: if some pressmen are so keen that New Zealand should have the services of the best in the world, why do they not agitate for this commendable principle to be applied in their own backyard—to New Zealand's press representation at the Munich Olympics, for example?

In track and field there was a U.K.-based New Zealander who is a world-famous writer on the sport, who was already in Europe and on the spot. Among the hundreds of New Zealanders who made their own way the Games, there were probably experts on every sport this country was interested in.

Expertise in rugby and cricket, eked out with a little dabbling in other sports, may be traditional equipment for the New Zealand sports desk. But in the world's greatest sportfest there is only room for experts, whether on the track, in the pool, in the ring . . . or in the press boxes.

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3. What was Pat Boot's most noteworthy track championship?
4. Dr Jack Lovelock went from a New Zealand University to an English one. What were the 'varsities'?
5. Where did Peter Snell first break the world records for 800 metres and 880 yards?
6. In which events did Peter Munro, Stan Lay, Mervyn Richards and 'Dutch' Holland, respectively, specialise?
7. Who was New Zealand's first marathon champion (in 1939) and in what other sport was he also prominent?
8. The 1949, 1950 and 1951 New Zealand long jump champion was a New Zealand representative in another sport. Who was he and what was the alternative sport?
9. Who were New Zealand's three athletics medallists at the 1960 Rome Olympics?
10. Present All Black manager Ernie Todd once won a New Zealand athletics title. In which event?

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SUE



VICKI

Take three girls...

BANDY, weatherbeaten, hostile toward nasty newspapermen who can't always publish the conglomeration of results they send in . . . women golfers somehow had made these ill impressions on me.

I did say "had made" for it's all changed now. Mind you, I won't always have the luck to meet women golfers like Vicki Jellis and Penny Pulz of Australia, and Sue Hamilton, a Kiwi girl.

Misses Jellis and Pulz, both 19, and Miss Hamilton, 26,

were three of the lovelies at the New Zealand women's golf championships at Hoko-whitu last month.

I can't say I relished the thought of interviewing them even though they were patently neither bandy nor weather-beaten, and turned out to be far from hostile, into the bargain, except when they started in on their pet topics.

Vicki, slim, friendly and all

CHRIS LEE finds three lovelies at the women's golf nationals

feminine, had one message to get across: "I can thank my parents for my getting here," she told me.

"Not because they've pushed me, because they haven't. If they had told me to practise and stick to it, I probably would have done the opposite."

(See, I told you she was feminine!)

Penny, bubbling with fun till she gets onto the course, had her say: "It's the duty of women golfers to look attrac-

tive and be feminine. We've got to change the image of women's golf. Actually, I think it's already changing."

And she went on to discuss most frankly aspects of women's golf which have no place in these pages.

Sue, polite, blessed in the most appropriate female ways (36-25-35 by my uninformed estimation) and thoroughly charming, is not exactly thrilled about the attempt some officials make to keep girls garbed in dowdy, knee-length skirts.

And she's doing something positive to change this . . . like taking up hemlines. Hot pants, snappy trouser suits, chic fluffy hats . . . these were her outfits for the tournament.

"I think it helps a heck of a lot to try to look attractive. Yes, it does help your ego and it creates interest."

(No arguments, here).

But these three girls are not just glamorous people who pat a golf ball around the course between discussions on knitting, baby clothes and last night's bridge party.

They're genuine golfers who hit the ball, crunch their fairway woods and attack the hole with their pitches.

I'm not prepared to say that these girls hit the ball as far as even an average male golfer for obviously this sort of claim is as extravagant as most of the others women's libbers make.

But Vicki, for instance, hit a 439-yard hole with a drive and a three iron without wind

assistance.

It's no wonder she's an accomplished golfer. Her employer is the Ashworth Country Club in Sydney.

She works there as a shorthand typiste . . . and sometimes manages to play a few holes after work.

"It's a terrific job, really," she says. "Now that we've got daylight-saving, I can get out and play after work. And the club gives me time off to play

in anything important."

Though Vicki's parents have not pushed her into golf, they play themselves, her father off a single-figure handicap.

I had assumed that any young golfer good enough to play for her country would have thoughts of joining the growing circuit where the women play for money.

"No, my goal has always been to play for Australia. I'll tell you what really gets me—when you stand on the first tee and the announcer says 'Vicki Jellis, of Australia'. It gives me a shiver."

Penny, from Melbourne, took up golf because as a kid she watched women golfers through binoculars. Not that she really needed them. She lives beside a golf course.

"I used to watch them and think 'I can beat these old crows'."

She practised, was picked for a sort of sub-junior team, won a trip and progressed from



there.

"The way they look after the kids in Melbourne is really great," she says. "Getting in that first junior team—I think we were all on about 36—gave me the incentive to stay in the game."

Though she had the best swing at the tournament (professionals Paul Shadlock and Tony Smith thought it was better than most men's), Penny says her game hinges on her concentration.

"IF I GET TIRED OR LOSE MY CONCENTRATION, I'M GONE."

Even so, Penny gave the tournament its most touching moment during one of her epic 20th-hole battles.

When she last to Sue Hamilton, she did so only after she holed a nasty four-foot putt on the 19th to keep the game alive.

Before she putted it, she conceded a very short one,

picked up Miss Hamilton's ball and took it to her, shaking at the hands to show the big crowd that the importance of the putt had not escaped her.

And as she lined up the putt she surveyed the crowd—let's face it, almost every spectator wanted her to miss the putt so a New Zealander would make the final—then stood up and winked mischievously. In went the putt.

But it's no wonder Penny is a cool customer on the course. At 19 she runs her own business involving advertising and promotional work.

"I set up displays, promote new products, that sort of thing," she said. "And I do a bit of microphone work."

Of the three girls, though, Sue Hamilton has the most remarkable story to tell. A hairdresser, she did not take up golf till she was 19, an age when many young women are now thinking of giving the game away.

She too was picked in a junior team before long and in one week brought her handicap down from 29 to 10!

Now she drives as well as any woman golfer in New Zealand and it is only a certain tension around the greens that prevents her from playing par golf.

Still, she hasn't done too badly this year. As well as finishing runner-up in the match-play at Hokowhitu, she set a course record and, of course, she was New Zealand's top player at the world championships at Buenos Aires.

I asked her what she knew about gamesmanship, something I had thought, erroneously, was a facet of golf exclusive to men.

[In fact some of the more senior women are experts at gamesmanship and one or two of the remarks I overheard at Hokowhitu were more acidic than I've heard from any man.]

"You learn to be tough," Sue says, "particularly when you're overseas. It's a shame."

"I think one of the bad things about women's golf is that everybody is so selfish."

"Nobody cares about anybody else, even in a medal tournament. They might say 'bad luck' but they couldn't care a hoot."

So that, briefly, is what the glamour players say.

For the record, the Wellington player Marilyn Smith, who looks to be ahead of any other New Zealander, won the stroke-play title and another Australian, Helen Gosse, won the match-play title at the championships.

Mrs Gosse, a French-Canadian who also adorns the course, won the tournament



because she had the courage to attack and because the greens held few tricks she didn't know about.

In the final of the match-play, she played 33 holes in one under the rather generous par and beat Miss Hamilton, five and three.

The final round of the stroke-play title held the most interest for after Miss Smith had birdied the 71st hole but bogeyed the 72nd, no fewer than three other players had a chance to tie with her.

Miss Jellis, needing to birdie the hole, hit a great drive but bogeyed the hole; Gayle Flynn (Australia) left a 20-foot putt 3ft short, and Sue Boag (New

PENNY

Zealand) just missed a putt from 25ft.

But the real highlight of the tournament was provided by the Hokowhitu women's committee, who ran the show superbly.

Snazzily dressed in red cardigans and white skirts (I wonder if anyone is going to take this uniform from them), the women had everything worked out and if any complaint was made about the organisation, I certainly didn't hear it.

JACK Nicklaus's quest for the grand slam has dominated golf news this year. Lee Trevino's win in the British Open and Gary Player's feat of winning the U.S. PGA for the second time also made headlines. But there is one performance during the passing year which overshadows them all for age and skill—that of Sam Snead.

In the PGA won by Player, Snead finished fourth with a 72-hole total of 284 on easily the toughest links on the U.S. tournament schedule. What makes Snead's performance so great is that he is 60 years of age.

On his way to winning the world senior title from Ken Bousfield in Scotland, he had one burst of eight successive threes, including six birdies in a row.

His swing without doubt, has proved to be the most effective and durable in the game.

At 60, he is still able to win more than \$100,000 on the U.S. circuits. The day before his 60th birthday, he shot a 63 on his home course at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, Virginia; he

If asked to describe this crowd-appeal factor that so many call colour, I can only say: Walter Hagen, Bill Tilden, Jack Dempsey had it; so did Sugar Ray Robinson. Steve Donoghue, Lester Piggott and George Moore, great jockeys, had it.

If you are an old-time footballer, you would say Dally Messenger must have had it. In cricket Sir Donald Bradman and Sir Jack Hobbs must have, too.

Snead, with that incredibly rhythmic swing, has proved it. That he still is able to win a major tournament further illustrates my point.

Even though Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and Trevino undoubtedly will have won more money than Snead, I believe



"Slammin' Sammy" Snead

Snead's performance at 60 overshadowed all in 1972

has been attached to the Greenbrier club for more than 35 years.

His record of winning more than 150 tournaments in all countries is unequalled.

Snead's first national recognised tournament win came in the Virginia professional championship in 1936, when he was assistant pro at the Greenbrier club.

American golf writers, commenting on his legendary era, begin by saying that Snead didn't start playing the U.S. PGA circuit until 1937 because he didn't know such a thing existed until that year.

But I believe the main reason Snead did not tour earlier was because it was difficult for him to make a decision to branch out into a world he didn't know or understand.

There always has been some personal human naturalness with his perfect swing and his way of life that has appealed to golfers and galleries—even more so than the Hogan, Nelson and even Nicklaus devotees of today.

NORMAN VON NIDA on Golf

they are like all other professionals—they envy Snead's swing.

People may say Nicklaus would not envy Snead. But this could only be a difference of opinion—both opinions could be right.

Nicklaus has a near fool-proof method of producing a golf stroke because of his perfect set-up position at address,

short back swing and perfect weight transference.

His natural physical power allows him to maintain the mechanics of producing any type of stroke.

One could only describe Snead's swing as a perfectly natural action, performed by a man who is swinging under the guidance of a subconscious, automotive mind.

His play from tee to green, even now, has to be seen to be believed.

The only weakness in Snead's game is his putting. He has tried all methods and, had he been a putter in the Bobby Locke, Bob Charles and Jim Ferrier mould, not even Nicklaus would equal his records.

For instance, in 1959 at 47 years of age, in winning the Festival Open, he won with a four-round total of 259, 29 under par—only two strokes short of the all-time record set by Mike Souchak when he won the Texas Open.

It is my belief that as well as being a great player, the champions of all sports must have that indescribable thing called "colour".

Snead, Nelson, Hogan, Nicklaus, Trevino, Player have (or had) just that.

For the record, the only tournament of note that Snead hasn't won is the U.S. Open, in which he has been runner-up three times.

Boxing champ wants to putt like Charles

"I WISH I could putt like Bob Charles; then I would get my handicap down," said former British, Commonwealth and European heavyweight boxing champion, Henry Cooper, OBE, recently.

Henry now has the golf bug and is playing several times a week. "I don't think I'll ever turn professional at golf, though," smiled Henry. "Even so, I'm determined to get my handicap down."

His charming Italian wife is delighted that he has given up boxing for golf.

Hawkes Bay 16-year-old is the fastest butterfly swimmer N.Z. has produced

By **NORMA WILLIAMS**

N.Z. swimming champion and Empire Games representative



RECORD - BREAKING is infinitely more satisfying when the mark in the first place was set by a famous personality. And it was Hawkes Bay swimmer John Coutts who had this something - special experience while he was competing in the Australian winter swimming championships a few months ago.

David Gerrard won a gold medal at the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica in 1966, only the second New Zealander to achieve the feat in post-war years.

His success came in the men's 220yds butterfly—and his time of 2min 12.7sec has stood as the New Zealand record ever since.

It was in this event, too, he won at New Zealand championships for ten consecutive years—another claim to swimming fame.

So that when John Coutts topped this mark in the heats of the Australian winter championships, there was a buzz of excitement in the New Zealand team. He had clocked 2min 11.8sec. And just to prove it was no flash in the pan, he lopped another fifth of a second off that time in the final later the same day.

In 1966 Gerrard's time was of international class—but six years later it cannot even claim to be on the fringe; merely a milestone for a young swimmer showing great potential.

At sixteen years of age, John has now left the junior ranks where he broke or rebroke no fewer than 24 junior marks listed in the New Zealand

land record books. All of these he did within the last twelve months, and they include freestyle as well as butterfly records.

But the spotlight was directed upon him with the two important 'open' records set in Brisbane—for 100 and 200 metres butterfly.

And for those who saw him swim at the last national championships in Dunedin, this was no surprise.

There he won the 200 metres butterfly in a blanket finish where the first three competitors were within half a second of each other. John featured in another exciting race over the 100 metres butterfly at the same meeting, where he was placed third in a similar finish.

Between February and September of this year, he has shed five seconds from his 200 metres butterfly time.

Always a hard man to beat, John has shown that by a record-breaking swim in a heat, he has not necessarily put all his cards on the table. In three events at the Brisbane meeting, he bettered a New Zealand record in both the heats and finals.

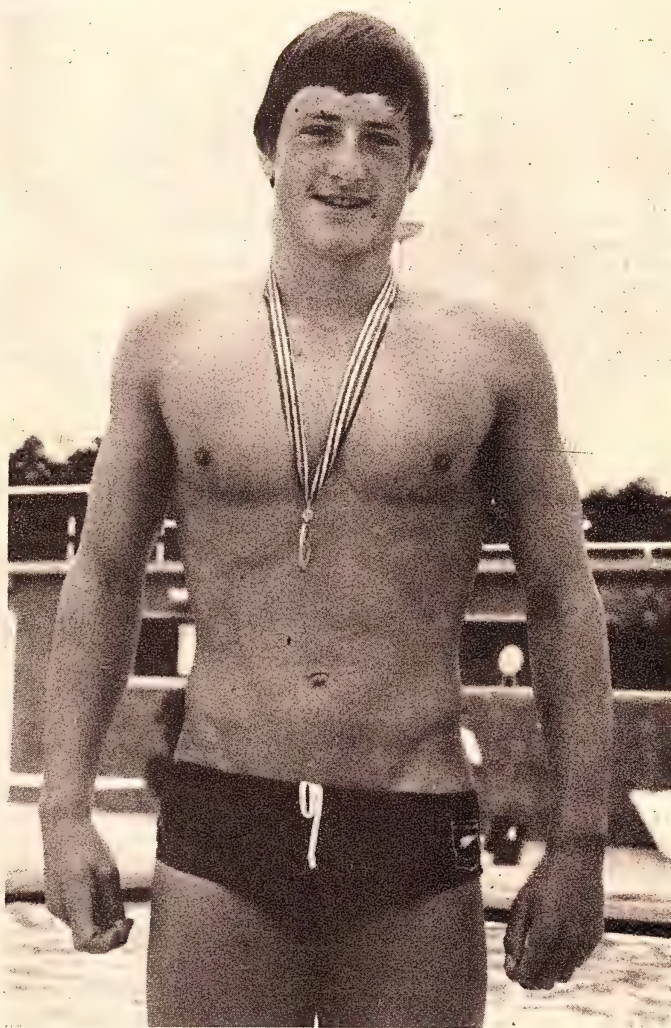
These were:

100m butterfly (61.2sec, 60sec);

200m butterfly (2min 11.8sec, 2min 11.6sec);

100m freestyle (58sec, 57.7sec).

Now that John has left school and is working at a motor firm in Napier, he is training with the coach who taught him to swim in the Herefaunga pool (Hastings)—Bert Cotterill, who also coached the 1968 Olymplan, Sandra Whittleston.



COUTTS . . . toppled Games gold medallist's record.

Of John, Mr Cotterill says: "He has gained terrific confidence in his own ability. The potential is there to make his times better, and only overseas competition is going to make this happen."

"I consider that his training and coaching from now on will be the hardest. He has started to become independent in that he discusses his programmes more than he did when he was younger."

And this brings up the point of the coaching system in New

Zealand—where the generation gap means the difference between the young-teens and the old-teens of swimming.

John Coutts seems to be one of the few who have mastered the problem of having to train with a "bunch of kids", as some swimmers refer to the 12-14-year-olds who make up the bulk of competitive swimmers.

Top-line swimmers are few and far between, and no effort has been deliberately made to bring them together, other

than in team squads just before overseas representation.

Coaches are very much aware of the social aspects of the problem but there is little that they can do to alleviate it for the swimmers.

"John is highly respected by the younger swimmers and communicates well with the age-group members in the squad. He takes a keen interest in their performances," said Mr Cotterill.

But swimmers are thrown together for four to five hours a day and this gap in social and other interests takes its toll—and could be one of the major factors behind competitive swimmers shifting to surf and water polo as an escape from the loneliness of the still-water training.

However, a driving ambition motivates—and the New



Sandra Whittleston, Hawkes Bay's 1968 Olympic swimmer, who also was coached by Bert Cotterill, John Coutts's mentor.

Zealand teams to Adelaide (Australian summer championships), the first world swimming championships in Belgrade later next year, the Commonwealth Games in Christchurch in 1974 and the Olympics in Montreal are all within the scope of John Coutts.

His technique looks terrific—particularly in butterfly. He is the fastest butterfly swimmer New Zealand has yet produced. He has had his first taste of overseas representation and came home with colours flying, by bagging one of the 'prized' records, and winning two silver medals for butterfly.

He appears undaunted by the fact that top-line swimming is a tough nut to crack these days—in fact this is the challenge. He is definitely one of the swimmers to watch this coming season.

Europe now poses swimming threat

By **FORBES CARLILE**
Great Australian swimming coach

THE American and Australian dominance of world swimming is wavering in the face of powerful European challenges.

For Australia the warning from the Munich Games is clear. In the general standard of swimming, we are not keeping up with the rest of the world. The Europeans are leaving us behind.

There is some soul-searching, too, in the American camp. But for the team events and the swimming genius, Mark Spitz, the Americans would be hard pressed to find individual winners—a far cry from other Olympic years, when it was almost a foregone conclusion that we would be getting up-down for the swimming pool hit tune of the week, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Now there are many thorns in the Americans' sides. These include the unbeatable backstroker Roland Mathes from East Germany, world record-breaking Japanese student Nobutaka Teguchi in the breaststroke, and Gunnar Larsson, the Swede, who beat out American Tim McKee in the 400 metres individual medley.

For good measure, Vladimir Vasin rubbed salt in American wounds by taking the gold in springboard diving, a long-cherished preserve for the United States.

It may seem strange to be gloomy about Australia's long-term prospects. But, despite the triumphs of Shane Gould, Gail Neall and Beverley Whitfield, we cannot be blind to the potency of the European challenges.

It is paradoxical that on the face of it we could look so good yet our coaches and officials could feel so much apprehension for the future.

The stark truth is, however, that we cannot count on our medal-winners this time for repeat performances at

the Montreal Games in four years' time.

Beverley Whitfield has told me she is definitely retiring now and I wonder how much longer Shane Gould can take the strain.

She must be tempted to quit while a winner after having seen so many girls return to the Olympics only to fade into oblivion.

The East Germans have many more prospects than



Australia in both men's and women's swimming.

For instance, from what we saw in Munich, the East German girls' relay team, averaging under 59 seconds for each contestant and from 13-year-old Kornelia Ender, who stormed up to be only a touch behind Shane in the 200 metres individual medley, we can be sure now that their programme must gather momentum.

It is on the cards they will overwhelm us in Montreal.

LADIES WILL BE IN SOON

SYDNEY — Moves to grant active membership of surf life-saving clubs to women in Australia have again been halted—but only for the moment.

The 'Women's Lib' move was only narrowly rejected at the New South Wales S.L.S.A. state centre's annual general meeting in Port Macquarie some weeks back.

But country clubs' interest in the proposal and the closeness of the vote are sure indications that the male domination of surf lifesaving is drawing to a close.

Unlike New Zealand, Britain and Ireland, the Australian S.L.S.A. states: "Association awards and club membership are available only to males, except in the case of the resuscitation certificate which can be obtained by a member of either sex."

Moves to open the door to women members stemmed from a Sydney branch membership committee suggestion late last summer.

Put forward at a branch council meeting, the suggestion was greeted with derision.

Two small south harbour clubs from a total of 15 favoured the idea.

That seemed enough to suggest the generally small country clubs which find membership a problem might be interested.

So that when votes were

cast at the State annual meeting, country branches lent most support.

Surf club officials, vocal on most matters, are coy on speaking out in public favour of women members. In private, they feel it is only a matter of time before the women step out on patrol.

"It should be up to each individual club to decide whether it wants women on patrol," said one country official.

"Women are playing an important role in running the nipper clubs in our area, and we would like to have them in the senior club."

On the N.S. Central Coast, a Nipperettes' Association, for girls aged five to 16, has already been formed—outside the S.L.S.A.

Acting secretary of the "Nipperettes", Mrs Del Liebenow, predicts eight Central Coast clubs will have over 800 members this summer.

Only in the early days of surf-lifesaving and during World War II did some clubs admit women members.

The surfing season opened recently with male members only, but as State deputy president John Vaughan said at the annual meeting: "The ladies will fight back and one day we will have to face it."

The feeling in country areas is that next summer could see that day.

IAN BADHAM in the Sydney Telegraph.

SWIMMING THE SHANE GOULD WAY, by Shirley Gould; published by Oak Tree Press, Sydney; \$3.95.

Reviewed by **NORMA WILLIAMS**,

former N.Z. swimming champion



Shane Gould

AN AUSTRALIAN swimmer, not considered good enough to swim at the Edinburgh Commonwealth Games two years ago but who has since broken more than seven world records and won three gold medals at the Munich Olympics this year, is the subject of a new book entitled *Swimming the Shane Gould Way*.

THE SHANE GOULD STORY—BY MUM!

And it is a swimming book with a difference. Written by Shane's mother—Mrs Shirley Gould—the book displays a rare gift to put into words many of the intangibles about top-level swimming. And her writings will bring more glitter to the Gould household.

This is all the more surprising, as Mrs Gould admits to being the only member of her family who does not share her husband's and four daughters' common interest in swimming!

Ever since Shane started hitting the headlines, the swimming world has been waiting for the chance to study action shots of her style. And one of the features of the book is the superb illustrations. They are among the best of their kind so far.

But just as interesting are the insights into some of the characteristics of Shane's talents, training, and approach to competition; a sensitive description of the "alone-ness" of being at the top; and some forthright directives to coaches and others.

Shane is accorded the gentle treatment throughout, as one would expect, and the reader is given the message that her success is attributed to an intelligent approach to excellence rather than an

aggressive attitude to competition.

The short accounts of each of her world record swims show some of the motives behind her successes:

- Setting her cap at the great Dawn Fraser's record (100m freestyle).
- Competing against American Debbie Meyer, a triple Olympic Gold medalist (200m).
- A playfully-promised extra day in California, if she took the 400m world record.
- Shame at being left on the blocks, when she thought the event had been false-started (200m).
- The challenge of being headed to be the first woman swimmer to break 9min for the 800m.
- Breaking the world 1500m record—only to find that on the same day an American swimmer had done 0.4s better (so Shane slashed another 15sec off the new time).
- A tearful start to the 100m freestyle when the event had been brought forward for the benefit of TV and had caught her unprepared. (Since the book was written Shane has broken at least one other world record—the 200m individual medley at the Olympics).

Many gems of information keep popping up throughout the book—several of which show Shane to be a theory-

breaker. She uses a two-beat kick for sprinting; she broke world sprinting records at a tender age; she has had seven coaches; she is happy to work out with assistant coaches of the Forbes Carille squad; and trains in conditions that would probably be used as an excuse for failure by a lesser swimmer.

At times the squad of 120 were working out together in the six-lane 25-metre pool. Twenty swimmers rotating in each lane!

But the illustrations alone are worth \$3.95—for those interested in analysing Shane in action. And even apart from the technical aspects, even a layman must be appreciative of the beautiful physique of this renowned young athlete.

It's not the sort of beauty one expects to see at a beauty queen contest but a lovely long-limbed, smooth-muscled, poised young lady.

The only jarring note in the book is the break from the theme of the title—*Swimming the Shane Gould Way*—when Mrs Gould reverts to the impersonal HE in her attempts to describe backstroke, breaststroke and butterfly strokes.

This section of the book would have been more acceptable if it had carried on with the description of how Shane swam these strokes—even if it was critical.

Lack of knowledge has re-



sulted in some minor boobs. It is stated that a backstroke swimmer must touch with the hand before executing the turn when in fact the rules allow the leading part of the body (head, forearm, shoulder or hand, etc) to make the contact with the pool end.

Shane's backstroke kick may well be an "upside down version of the freestyle kick"—as her trailing two-beat kick could be effective either way.

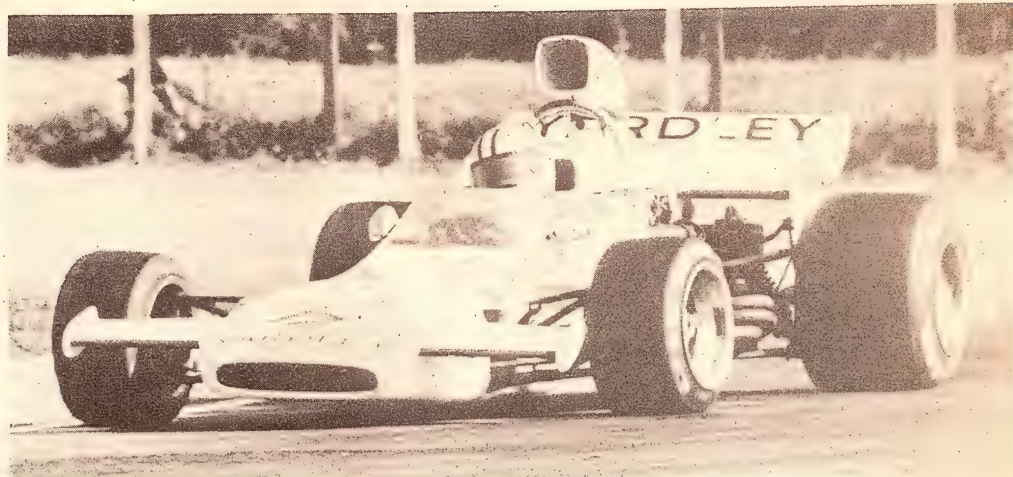
But this very thing—just turning a freestyler over—normally is responsible for the commonest fault of backstroke. An inverted freestyle kick sends the feet downwards in their major movement.

But apart from these minor technical details, the book is a delightful mixture of intimate and sensitive observations—and fascinating facts about the world's most famous woman swimmer.

And only a *soupc*on of objectivity is lost through Shane's mum being the author of her daughter's story.

Kiwi drivers racing abroad

How they fared during passing year



THE McLaren of Denny Hulme rounds one of Buenos Aires bantam-radius curves during this year's Argentine Grand Prix, in which Hulme finished second.

KIWI racing drivers are certainly making their mark on the world motoring scene these days. Yet, strangely enough, some of them are completely ignored by the local news media.

At the top of the list, obviously, are Formula 1 drivers Denny Hulme, Chris Amon and now Howden Ganley. I mentioned Hulme and Amon in my review of the 1972 World Championship series last month; Ganley didn't rate a mention in that brief review as he didn't have a very successful season with the BRM team.

Mind you, none of the ten—yes, ten!—drivers who drove BRMs throughout 1972 had much success either. It isn't known yet what team Ganley will drive for in 1973, but his results can only improve.

There aren't any New Zealanders racing in Formula 2 but in Formula 3 we have Peter Hull (formerly of Wellington). Peter isn't yet among the top five in this very competitive class of racing, probably because he doesn't have the best chassis—his Brabham BT38 can't match the GRDs and Ensigns.

However Peter is always the fastest of the Brabham drivers and he is certainly among the top ten F3 drivers in Europe.

A class of racing we don't hear much about in New Zealand is Formula Atlantic. It was started in England as a copy of the American Formula B, for 1600cc single-seaters.

Unfortunately the Poms made a slight alteration from the Formula B regs, allowing the BDA engine to compete.

This ruled out racing between drivers in the two countries; even so, Formula Atlantic has produced good racing in the UK during 1972, and our own John Nicholson has been well to the fore.

He hasn't quite managed to match the two fastest drivers in this category (Bill Gubelman and Cyd Williams) but John is certainly the best of the rest.

He drives a car called the Lyncar in the F. Atlantic series; in between times he works for Bruce McLaren Motor Racing Ltd rebuilding racing engines—and he's rated tops at his job.

Over the past few months New Zealand has been well represented in Formula Ford racing in England. New Zealand Gold Star and Formula Ford champion for 1971-72 was David Oxtan, and because he won the national F.F. title he won a trip to England to contest the Formula Ford world final at Brands Hatch late in October.

David arrived in England a couple of months early to get his eye in on British circuits, quickly making a name for himself as one of the fastest F.F. drivers around.

He regularly set fastest practice laps, won one race and came second or third in numerous others, so things looked good for his chances in the final. Sure enough he once again recorded the fastest practice lap to claim pole position.

In the race proper, he led briefly before being passed by Mexican ace Johnny Gerber and, in a desperate attempt to repass Gerber, Oxtan lost control and crashed heavily at Paddock Bend. That left Gerber with an easy win, Oxtan being the only driver able to stay with the quick Mexican.

Since then David has returned home (winning the Gold Star race at Pukekohe with his Begg FM5 on November 12) but Kiwiland is still represented in Formula Ford in England as Jim Murdoch has taken up the cudgels.

Finally, the New Zealander who has done best of all overseas in 1972 is Graham McRae, the 1972 Tasman and American Formula A champion. Graham also finished third in the Rothmans Formula 5000 championship in Europe, not a bad effort considering that he was not able to contest all rounds in the series.

To be frank, Graham hasn't been the fastest driver in Formula A/5000 over the latter part of 1972—that honour must go to Brian Redman and his Chevron B24, a combination that has beaten McRae and his GM1 on several recent occasions.

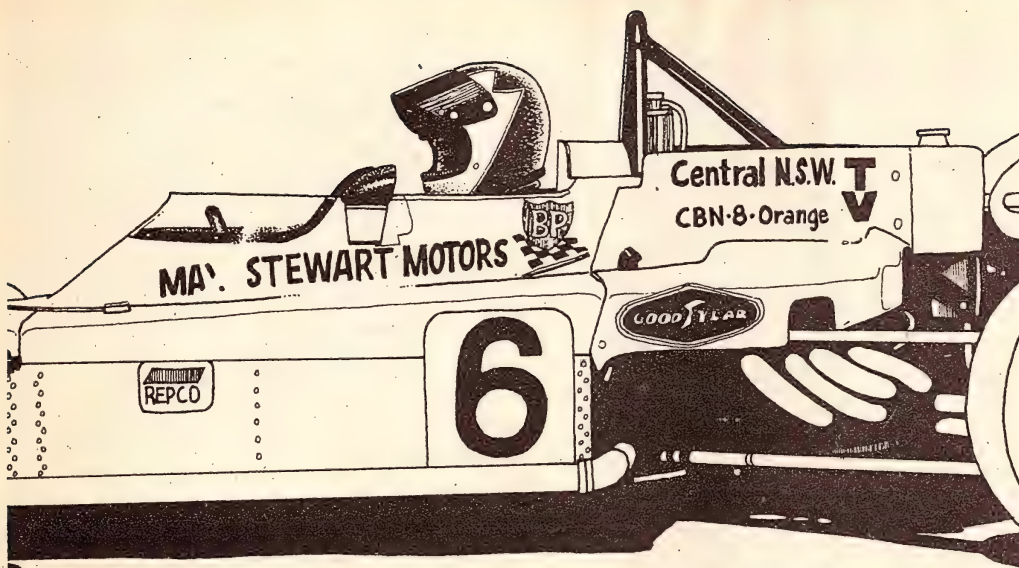
But if he has been faster, Redman can only claim to be fractionally so; in their last encounter, he managed to beat McRae only by a slender 0.2 seconds after 40 minutes of hard, close racing.

And to be perfectly fair to McRae, it must be remembered that it has been a very hard year for him. First of all he had an agreement with the Leda concern who built Formula A/5000 cars to McRae's design.

One car was based in the States (for the L & M Continental series) while another remained in the UK (for the Rothmans series).

This meant that Graham did a tremendous amount of inter-continental commuting, and also had to try and keep both cars up to date with the latest tweaks as he developed them.

Then, during the year, he bought out Leda Cars (with financial backing from a London insurance broker) and changed the firm's name to McRae Cars Ltd. So on top of his driving duties he had problems of setting up a new business, and this must have had a detrimental affect on his competitive driving.



McRae or Matich for '73 Tasman championship ?

Reviewed by Grahame Brownlie

TASMAN motor racing time is fast approaching again. The 1973 series opens with the NZGP at Pukekohe on January 6, followed by Levin (January 13), Wigram (January 20) and Teretonga (January 28). The Aussie portion starts at Surfers' Paradise (February 4) with the remaining rounds at weekly intervals at Warwick Farm, Sandown Park and Adelaide Raceway.

Who will be coming here? As usual there's a dearth of reliable information on the subject but at the time of going to press the likely entrants were:

- **Graham McRae**, who is definitely bringing two of his McRaes. The second car is for an unnamed New Zealand driver, the identity of whom has caused much speculation. My guess is former New Zealand and Tasman champion Graeme Lawrence, who admits that he plans a comeback but won't say what the car is. It's only a guess, but it makes sense—what a tremendous team McRae and Lawrence would make!

- **Steve Thompson**, who is coming from England with the Chevron B24 that Brian Redman drove throughout 1972. Thompson is not one of the very fastest F5000 drivers, but the car is tops and the combination should be fairly quick.

- **American driver Sam Posey**, who may come out with a Surtees TS11. The outspoken Posey (known as "The

Mouth" in the States) is a hard charger who will be very good value. He has a wide racing experience, including Cam-Am.

Three rumoured starters are **David Hobbs** (Lola T330), **John Cannon** (March) and **Brett Lunger** (Lola T300). Both Hobbs and Cannon are former American Formula A champions, and both have appeared here previously. Lunger was McRae's closest challenger in this year's L & M series.

There are six confirmed starters from Australia: **Frank Matich**, **Kevin Bartlett**, **Max Stewart**, **Bob Muir**, **Warwick Brown** and **John Walker**. All of these men are highly competitive.

Four further Australian entrants (unconfirmed) are **Gary Campbell**, **John McCormack**, **Garrrie Cooper** and **Mike Stillwell**.

There are six competitive resident New Zealanders—**David Oxtan** (Begg FM5), **Garry Pederson** (Begg FM4), **Neil Doyle** (Begg FM2), **Dexter Dunlop** (McRae GM1),

Frank Radisich (McLaren M10B) and **Baron Robertson** (Brabham-FVC).

So then, there are 23 possible starters in the Tasman Cup series. Assuming all of them do start, who will win? Obviously the favourite must be 1971 and 1972 champion **Graham McRae**.

But I think that McRae will have to be at the peak of his powers to stay in front of the new Australian Gold Star champion, **Frank Matich**.

Matich has made many determined attempts to win the Tasman series but has never quite managed to pull it off.

MAX STEWART, the 1971 Australian Gold Star champion, is a confirmed Tasman Series starter from Australia. The former racing motor-cyclist drove his Elfin 500 last season (that's a Mike Nidd representation of it on left) into tenth place in the Tasman, plagued by long delays in engine rebuilds. He is hoping to show the real stuff this series.

In 1970 he won two of the seven races but was plagued by unreliability and so finished second overall.

In 1971 he scored a win and three second places to finish another close second in the series.

And in 1972 he managed only one win and one second for a more modest fourth on the points table.

Yet in all three series he was always a top favourite, and it must only be a matter of time before "Frantic Frank" gets a season of reliability, and then—watch out!

Even though Matich is regarded as the fastest racing driver in Australia, he has likewise never managed to pull off that country's Gold Star title—that is, until this year. Perhaps that win is some sort of indication of changing fortunes in the Tasman series, too?

A GOOD REPORT—BUT IS IT COMPLETE?

THE MOTOR RACING YEAR, No. 3 (by **Anthony Pritchard**; published by Pelham Books, London; \$7.25).

THIS is one of a number of annuals covering each year's international motor racing, but Pritchard's is rather different from most of the others. Firstly, it is the same size as the normal book, whereas most annuals are on large pages. Secondly, it has very few photographs, being mostly comprised of descriptions of drivers, races (including practice sessions) and teams; it also tabulates race results, practice times and the like.

As the title implies, this is the third annual that Pritchard has produced, this particular one reporting the 1971 season. The author has covered Formula 1 and sports car racing very fully, with briefer coverage of Formula 2, Can-Am, Indianapolis and Tasman racing.

What it sets out to report on it does very well, but there is no mention whatsoever of Formula 3, Formula A/5000, Formula Ford, USAC racing, or any of the many types of saloon car racing.

The book also completely ignores rallying, but this is

perhaps to be expected in view of the terms of reference—after all, rallying is not motor racing in the fullest sense.

If one is mainly interested in Formula 1, Formula 2 and sports car racing, then this book could be a good buy. It is well written, and gives all the details that are likely to be needed.

But, if a complete coverage of a season's motor racing is wanted, then obviously Pritchard's book leaves something to be desired. And in a sport where visual impact is as high as it is, the lack of photo-

(Page 56, please)

THEY STOPPED THE KING PLAYING TENNIS -- AT 88!

TENNIS knew him as Mr G. but he was always readily recognised as King Gustaf V. His Majesty's son, King Gustaf Adolf VI, celebrated his birthday in November, which reminded us of his father, a tennis legend, for he did not give up the game until he was 88—and then only on the insistence of his doctor!

Gustaf won tournaments and continued to play with the international stars until he was 80 for he was one of the great tennis fanatics and there are as many tales about him on the court as there are about Dr W. G. Grace on the cricket field. He died in 1950, aged 91.

King Gustaf, in the closing stages of his tennis activity, was unable to move with the swiftness of his youth. His strokes were not nearly as fast and hard as those flashing from the rackets of his famous partners. He never hesitated to go to the net and stay there.

But his reaction, naturally, was not as quick as it had been. People used to ask: Is it really possible for such an old man to compete with, and occasionally defeat those star players?

Gustaf had an amazing ball sense, which enabled him to position himself correctly. In theory he was the complete tennis player, particularly efficient in doubles. He played the right shots—no cannonballs, but well-timed, well-placed shots designed to score points or create openings for his partner.

King Gustaf made yearly tennis pilgrimages to the Riviera, where he played with and against such stars as Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Gottfried von Cramm, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, Jacques Brugnon, Suzanne Lenglen, and Helen Wills.

In 1906 he won the Swedish covered courts international doubles championship. Forty years later he was still contesting these championships.

Perhaps King Gustaf's greatest sporting feat was one he accomplished at the age of 77 while playing for the Swedish Royal Lawn Tennis Club in a match. Ingvar Garell, one of Sweden's top doubles players, partnered him against two youngsters who were on the verge of stardom.

These youngsters showed none of the nervousness from which many players suffered when they were on the court with the king. They went all out to win. They bombarded the elderly monarch with every known shot. But the old man stood his ground and had the satisfaction of seeing his well-placed backhand volley gain victory for the Royal Lawn Tennis Club.

King Gustaf, though an inveterate tennis enthusiast, was interested in many sports. He was an ardent reader of the daily sports columns. But deep down inside tennis is always on his mind. When he opened Sweden's biggest football ground at Rasunda, 40,000 admiring Swedish sportsmen laughed appreciatively when he solemnly declared "this tennis stadium" opened.

In Sweden the Labour Party had been in power many years, and the late Prime Minister Branting was one of the great figures of the International Labour Movement. King Gustaf was playing with the famous Suzanne Lenglen in a tournament in the Riviera when Suzanne, a temperamental girl, became irritated.

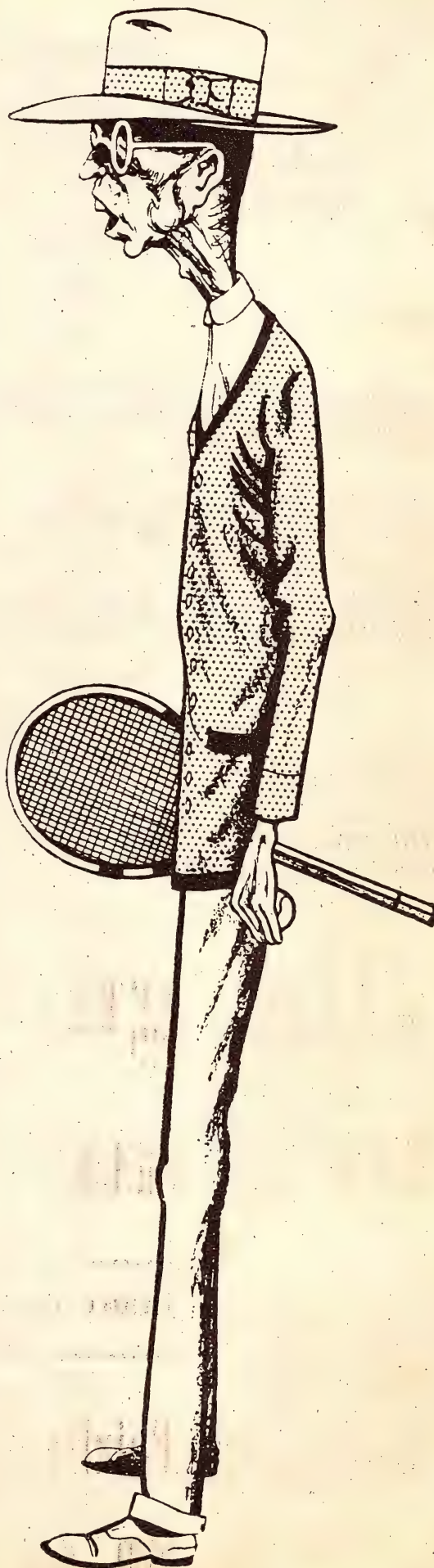
Gustaf got in her way several times as she sped across the court and Suzanne was unable to restrain herself. She shouted to the king: "I have asked you so often, Your Majesty, to keep more to the left. Please keep more to the left!"

King Gustaf smiled broadly: "That's what Branting keeps telling me," he replied.

King Gustaf had his last big match when he was 80. He partnered Jacques Brugnon, the famous French doubles player of the late 1920s.

Brugnon, then in the veteran stage, had an off-day and he and the king lost. The king later explained to spectators, "Jacques, he is getting old, you know!"

It was humour such as this, as much as his tennis enthusiasm, that endeared King Gustaf to the Swedes. People would frequently marvel at his mental alertness. "I have to thank lawn tennis for most of it," he'd say.



Gustaf V of Sweden . . . to tennis, Mr G.



THE PRINCIPALS: Brian Fairlie of Auckland (on left, signing autographs) and Onny Parun of Wellington (on right, collecting trophies). Their clash in Wellington this month should be a highlight of pre-Christmas sport.

Big guns of tennis to roar this month

By ARMIN LINDENBERG

**Intriguing Fairlie-Parun contest
at Wellington on December 17**

WHEN Brian Fairlie left New Zealand and amateur tennis behind almost two years ago and entered into the hotbed of professional tennis, few could have thought he would survive. Indeed, a number of people, knowledgeable and otherwise, gave him Buckley's Chance.

He was a bold, brash, young man of immeasurable talent but little tact. At 22 the world was his oyster but, as he was to learn in time, it was also his master. That he has learnt, that he has in fact grown up in the Big League, there is little doubt.

Those of us who had our doubts also always harboured the feeling that one day he would return, if not already a champion, then certainly one in the making.

Just how far Brian Fairlie has come along the often tortuous tennis track of success New Zealanders will find out on December 17 when he tackles Onny Parun in a special challenge match at Park.

It will be a case of the old pro in Fairlie against the young pro in Parun, who joins the WCT tour next year. But it will also be a lot more than that.

To both of them, and to most New Zealanders, it will be a title fight for the vacant crown of undisputed No. 1 of New Zealand tennis.

Forget about the national championships in Christchurch in January. Neither of these

THEIR BACKGROUNDS

ONNY PARUN (Wgtn.):

Born: Wellington, April 15, 1947. First Davis Cup, 1967 (beat Bob Lutz in first-round Wimbledon). Beat Paul Hutchins (Britain) and Roger Taylor (Britain) at Wimbledon before losing to Ken Rosewall (Australia), fourth set, 1968. With Fairlie, lost Wimbledon doubles, 6-8, 9-11, 6-3, 18-20, to Smith/Lutz (USA). Reached quarter-finals (last eight) at Wimbledon, 1971, and 1972. Also had wins over Marty Riessen (USA), Vicente Zarazua (Mexico), Joaquin Loyo-Mayo (Mexico). To join WCT, 1973.

two heavyweights will be weighing in for that contest. For them the pro circuit will have already begun.

For a period of two years before and up to his departure into the pro ranks, Fairlie was generally accepted as the No. 1. Few would argue with that.

His record in head-on matches against Parun at the time was most impressive, something like 6-1.

The year he left, in the 1970-71 season, Fairlie beat Parun twice—in Wellington and again in Auckland.

BRIAN FAIRLIE (Auck.):

Born: Christchurch, June 13, 1948. First Davis Cup tour, 1966 to Britain (as No. 2). Runner-up to V. Korotkov (Russia) in Junior Wimbledon, 1966. Australian junior champion, 1967. Beat ex-Wimbledon champion John Newcombe (Australia) in 1969 N.Z. Open. Quarter-finals of U.S. singles championship, 1970. Also had wins over Tony Roche (Australia), Rafael Osuna (Mexico), Alexander Metreveli (Russia), Graham Stilwell (Britain), Ray Ruffels (Australia), Bill Bowrey (Australia), Ron Holmberg (USA), Cliff Drysdale (South Africa), etc. Joined WCT group, 1970.

Since that time, lanky, languid, Parun has successfully completed his takeover bid.

His superiority at home has been unrivalled, and his overseas successes, notably on the lush green of Wimbledon, have brought him fame, and not a little fortune.

Now, he, too, plans to join Fairlie in the smash-for-cash pro ranks.

It is interesting to note that, apart from the Wellington classic, the two players are unlikely to meet at home this season.

For reasons personal and otherwise, they will not be playing in any tournament, with the exception of the Benson and Hedges Open in Auckland, early in January.

And if they meet there, as of course the promoters will be hoping—no doubt with an eye to an all-New Zealand final—what a clash that would be.

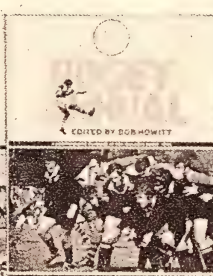
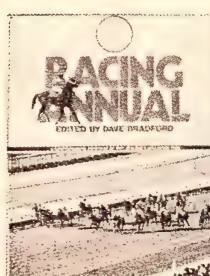
But the only immediate prospect is their Central Park get-together and the last time they played there, in the final of the Wellington championships in January 1971, Fairlie won in straight sets.

His 6-3, 6-3, 7-6 win at that time, while not completely unexpected, was not anticipated as the rout it was for Fairlie had been having problems with a nagging shoulder injury.

But on the day, when Parun incidentally played shades below his best, Fairlie was always a serve-and-volley ahead.

Most New Zealanders, certainly this writer, await Fairlie's return with anticipation and interest, and at the same time welcome him back for this intriguing test of strength with his most formidable compatriot.

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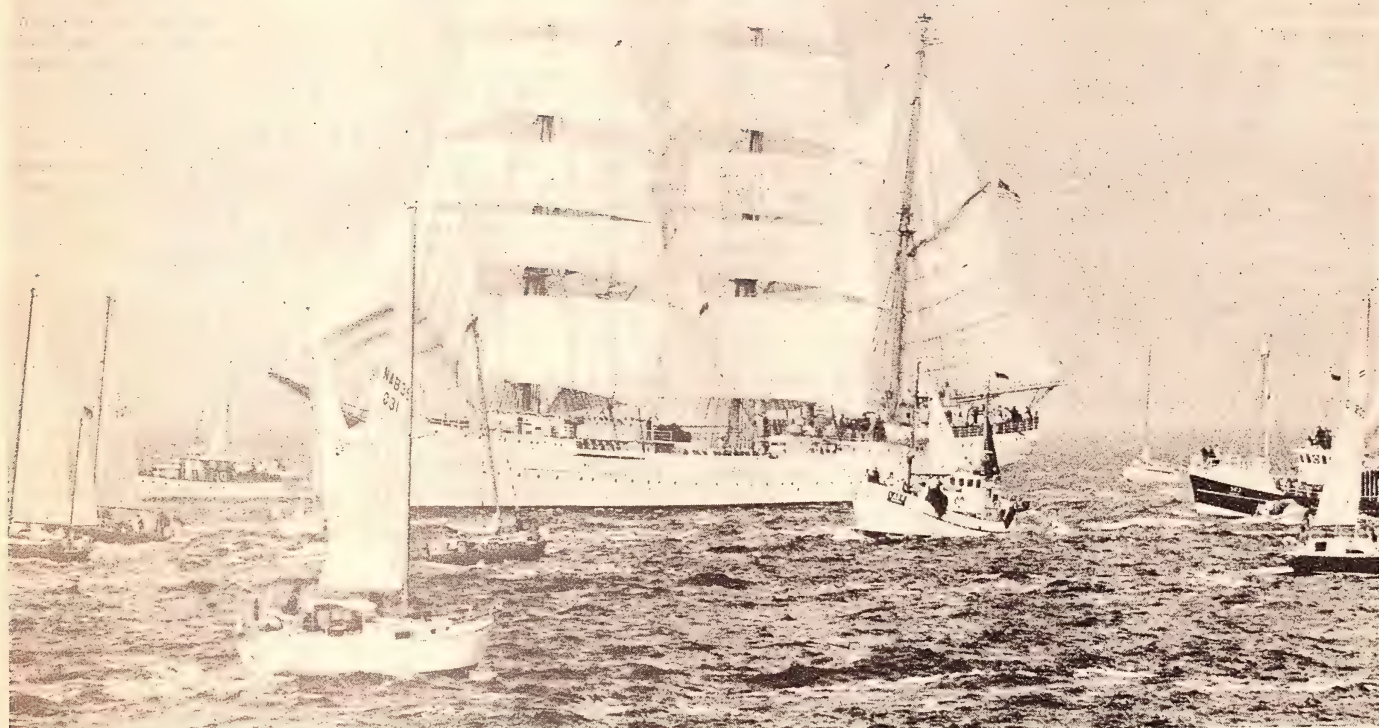
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WEST GERMANY—The United States coastal patrol vessel 'Eagle' is seen in this striking picture while leaving Kiel under full sail, with an escort comprising all manner of smaller craft.



WORLD OF SPORT

U.S.A.—In a recent issue of *Sports Digest*, readers were informed of the heroic struggle pro golfer Gene Littler was having with the dreaded cancer. We are now happy to relate that Littler, former U.S. amateur and Open champion, who previously had undergone two operations on his left arm and had bravely stated that "somehow, I feel there is a good chance that I will play golf again," indeed is playing again.

And he has celebrated by shooting a seven-under-par 281 in the \$300,000 Taiheyo Masters tournament in Japan to tie for seventh place in his first major event since the last operation. "I played better than I should expect at the moment," Littler said after returning to his California home. "I didn't look

at my own swing, of course, but it seemed all right to me." There also were fears about his strength, particularly driving on the 7207-yard Sobu course. "I had good touch around the greens and reasonable length," he said. "I wasn't the longest hitter on the course but not the shortest, either." Swimming,

therapy and practice have filled Littler's hours these past months.

TURKEY — At Istanbul, Cemal Kamaci of Turkey won the European light-welterweight boxing championship with a controversial points victory over defending titleholder Roger Zami of France. The 29-year-old Turk, badly cut about the face, fought bravely, but many at the ringside thought Zami had done enough to keep his title. The Frenchman's corner were so sure of victory they hoisted him shoulder-high as soon as the 15-round bout finished. There were wild scenes when the result was announced. The 15,000 crowd,

who kept up a deafening chant throughout, lit bonfires on the terraces of the Ali Sami Yen Football Stadium. Kamaci, the first Turkish boxer to win a European title—in fact, the first Turkish professional boxer we've ever heard of—had to be escorted by police as hundreds tried to mob him.

ENGLAND—Lord Killanin, the Irishman who has replaced ageing Avery Brundage as president of the International Olympic Committee, has condemned the victory ceremony format at the Games, which he says promotes the worst form of nationalism. "I have my great reservations about all this playing of anthems and putting up flags every time someone's got a gold medal because I think it devalues sport and it increases the worst kind of nationalism. I think

NEWS

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REPORTS

there are inevitably going to be changes as there are changes in everything." Of the octogenarian, autocratic, millionaire Brundage, who preceded him, Lord Killanin said: "I think he would have done better if he'd consulted with other people."

ITALY—The stay-at-home Italian holder of the world light-welterweight boxing championship, Bruno Arcari, who has been spoken of as a possible visitor to New Zealand to air his crown, defends it against Everaldo Costa Azevedo of Brazil at Turin early this month.

BRAZIL—"Pele, your football stinks,"—this is the cruel and crude message the former idol is getting nowadays from his "fans". Both Pele and Santos club are severely criticised in Brazil for allowing the team to transform from an exquisite football side into a Harlem Globetrotter outfit that is incapable of serious soccer. However, Santos officials are not too perturbed by all this. "We are still in great demand," said their director Clayton Bittencourt. "In January we'll go on another tour of Asia and Australia, where they will still pay an average of \$25,000 per match. Pele has two more years with us and we have to use this period to get our finances in order and finish our sports complex."

SCOTLAND—What does a smart, "with-it" American golf course architect think of the venerable old St Andrews golf course? "It stinks," said Robert von Hagge in an unguarded moment. "It's like playing golf on the moon," said another overseas player.

WEST GERMANY—Sepp Maier, the great Bayern Munchen soccer goalkeeper, established a rare record recently when he played his 212th consecutive match for his team since 1966. During that period, he conceded 251 goals while his team scored 474 times. And Bayern Munchen themselves are on a record-cracking path. They recently played their 41st home match without defeat. In their last four home matches alone, they have drawn a total of 250,000 spectators.

VENEZUELA—Ernie Terrell, 33, former American World Boxing Association version of world heavyweight champion (but thrashed by Muhammad Ali at Houston in 1967, though lasting the 15 rounds), crashed back into the world ratings by stopping Jose Luis Garcia, the Venezuelan heavyweight champion, in the sixth round at Caracas. He knocked Garcia out of the ring in the sixth but the Venezuelan came back fighting after taking a nine-count. But he was put down

again soon afterward and the fight was stopped. Garcia looked shaky after the third, when Terrell landed some hard lefts and rights to head and body. Now Terrell says he hopes for a possible crack at Joe Frazier or Ali.

AUSTRALIA—American wrestler Jimmy Golden (16st 6lb) defeated the New Zealander Bruno Bekkar in five seconds recently at Brisbane and then proceeded to win a ten-man Russian Roulette wrestling event. Golden, a newcomer to the Australian wrestling scene, recorded the fastest win ever seen in Brisbane in the bout with Bekkar. He picked up \$2500 for being last man left in the ring after the Russian Roulette bout in which 10 men set upon one another and try to heave anybody in sight over the top rope. And among the prelims, the large New Zealand beauty, "Sabrina", defeated Sherri Sinatra to repeat a Sydney win.

SWITZERLAND—Since October, 1969, Switzerland have not lost one soccer match abroad although they played in England and Poland, among others. However, in the same period they played four games at home—and lost the lot (Spain, Hungary, Poland, England).

ENGLAND—According to the great English soccer star, Bobby Charlton, the reason for the falling-off of attendances in Britain is the abusing, the filthy language and the obscene chanting. And Bobby also recognises the advancing years when he says he has cut down his smoking to one cigarette per day. "I need all my breath nowadays," he says ruefully.

AUSTRALIA—Dennis Talbot, the Australian amateur boxer who at the Munich Games surprisingly knocked out Venezuela's Brito Rodriguez, winner of the light-flyweight gold medal at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968, has struck a snag in his quest for professional gold. After stopping Larry Sadler in his debut, Dennis was outclassed in his second fight. His conqueror at Sydney was "Big Jim" West (8st), who stopped him after the eighth when he had failed to win a single one of the preceding rounds. Southpaw Talbot never troubled West, who with 32 pro fights behind him, attacked Talbot's head and body and it was the continued attack on the body that finally slowed the Olympian down. He was saved from a knockout by the bell to end the eighth round but did not come out for the ninth.

SCOTLAND—The gigantic profit figures now being quoted by many of the world's great soccer clubs

never cease to amaze. The annual report of the famed Celtic Club shows a profit of \$160,000 for the 1971-72 season. However, several times that amount rolled in from the club's own football pools circuits. These enabled them to spend \$650,000 on ground improvements, including a new grandstand, \$100,000 on a new floodlighting system and other smaller items. Celtic pay manager Jock Stein \$35,000 a year. Yet, despite all this, attendances are falling sharply in Scotland and despite the fact that Celtic and Rangers have healthy finances, all are worried about the trend. Said Celtic chairman Desmond White: "The situation is very serious and there will have to be a reappraisal of professional football in Scotland."

AUSTRALIA—The swash-buckling West Indian batsman Clive Lloyd is back in Australia again. Remember, he went home early last season when he badly injured his back during the Rest of the World series here. This time Lloyd has accepted a contract to play for South Melbourne club in the Melbourne pennant competition. The left-handed dasher and superlative fieldsman will be a top personality man, though Victorian selectors will not invite him to turn out for the Sheffield Shield team. Less enthusiastic will be the West Indies. Lloyd currently plans to see out the Australian summer with South Melbourne. That means he will miss the West Indies-Australia series in the Caribbean, starting next February.

CUBA—The new national sporting hero of Cuba is handsome Teofilo Stevenson, heavyweight boxing gold-medallist at the Munich Olympic Games. Angelo Dundee, Muhammad Ali's trainer, says he could guarantee Stevenson a million dollars for a professional career but the young Cuban says he is not interested. "I don't believe in professionalism," he says. "I only believe in the revolution." The ambition of this 20-year-old student from Oriente is to win three Olympic gold medals.

U.S.A.—Unknown, Ron Lyle's two-round knockout of Buster Mathis, former challenger for the heavyweight title, at Denver, Colorado, was his seventh straight, and brings to an end any hopes the huge negro, Mathis, might have still entertained of regaining the challenger's post. Heavyweights with a punch will always lure the regular fan and the curious layman and the remarkable gate for the fight, although world champion Joe Frazier

boxed an exhibition on the same bill, was \$41,200.

HUNGARY—After a recent soccer championship match, the Hungarian club Ferencvaros fined all but four of their players for not giving their best. The players also received a warning that one more such "effort" and they will be out for good. The amazing thing is that Ferencvaros actually won the match 2-0.

SOUTH AFRICA—Veteran U.S. negro boxer Curtis Cokes, now 35 and holder of the world welterweight boxing championship from 1966 to 1969, lost the first bout of his South African campaign on points to Elijah Makhathini in Durban and said he needed more time to prepare. So, with the extra time, Curtis duly won his second bout, outpointing Joseph Hall at Port Elizabeth, and then his third, beating Ezra Mzinyane on points at Cape Town.

MILESTONES

• Birthdays:

C. J. (CHARLIE) OLIVER, now of Waikeane, Wellington, one of New Zealand's five rugby-cricket "Double All Blacks" (rugby: 1928-29-34-35; cricket, 1925-26-27-28)—47 on November 1.

LES MILLS, Auckland, winner of 25 N.Z. athletic titles (14 shot put, 11 discus throw) between 1955-72, N.Z. representative at Olympic Games (1960-64-68-72) and Commonwealth Games (1958, 2nd in discus; 1962; 1966, 1st in discus, 2nd in shot; 1970, 2nd in discus, 3rd in shot)—38 on November 1.

ROBYN GLENIE, Auckland, N.Z. women's singles badminton champion (1969), N.Z. representative at Commonwealth Games (1970), sister of present N.Z. champion, Alison Brandfield—22 on November 2.

H. H. J. ('ROBBIE') ROBSON, Waikato-Thames Valley bowler, member N.Z. champion four (1956), N.Z. representative at Commonwealth Games (Perth, 1962—pairs winner with R. McDonald; Edinburgh, 1970—pairs runner-up with McDonald)—54 on November 2.

BRUCE BIDDLE, Auckland, British Commonwealth's best road cyclist, Commonwealth Games gold medallist (1970) and Olympic Games bronze medallist (1972)—24 on November 2.

DOUG GALEY, Auckland and New Zealand Kiwi (1969-72) rugby league forward—25 on November 4.

BRYAN FOSTER, Otago and N.Z. (1966, 1968) men's singles table tennis champion, N.Z. representative (1964-70)—30 on November 5.

DENNIS PANTHER, North Auckland (since 1964), N.Z. Juniors (1967, 1968), N.Z. trialist (1965-70 incl.) and All Black reserve (v. France, 1968) rugby wing-threequarter—27 on November 5.

JOHN HUNTER, Wellington, member N.Z. champion eight-oar rowing crew (Wellington R.C.), 1967, and of N.Z. eight on overseas tours (1967-70-71), and at Olympic Games (Mexico, 1968; Munich, 1972—gold medallist)—29 on November 8.

Sporting Calendar

What N.Z. Sportsmen Are Doing In December

December:

ATHLETICS

- 2 New Zealand men's and women's trials for International Championships (Belgium in March), at Trentham

BILLIARDS

- 1-15 FIRST WORLD OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, at Pukekohe and neighbouring centres (commenced November 27)

BOWLS

- 26-30 Wellington Centre Christmas fours, at Berhampore
31-Jan. 3 Wellington Centre New Year pairs, at Taita

CRICKET

PLUNKET SHIELD COMPETITION

- 23-25 Canterbury v. Otago, at Christchurch; Wellington v. Auckland, at Wellington; Central Districts v. Northern Districts, at Blenheim
28-30 Wellington v. Northern Districts, at Wellington; Canterbury v. Auckland, at Auckland; Otago v. Central Districts, at Dunedin

GOLF

- 1-3 City of Christchurch Garden City Classic \$15,000, at Russley, Christchurch
2 Golfers' Dinner, at Wairakei (guest speaker, Richie Benaud, ex-Australian test cricket captain)
2, 3 Rothmans Classic tournament, at Wairakei
7-10 Calltex \$10,000, at Paraparaumu Beach
13 City of Auckland Pro-Am tournament, at The Grange G.C., Papatoetoe
14-17 City of Auckland Golf Classic (minimum \$15,000), at The Grange G.C., Papatoetoe

MOTOR-CYCLING

- 2 Events on Dunlop motor-racing meeting, at Levin (organised by Wanganui M.C.C.)

MOTOR-RACING

- 2 Dunlop Gold Star meeting, at Levin
3 Race meeting at Tereonga, Invercargill
30 Beach racing at Tahunanui, Nelson
31 Race meeting at Bay Park, Tauranga

RACING

- 2 Woodville D.J.C.; Franklin R.C.; Beaumont R.C.
6 Wanganui J.C.
9 Te Aroha J.C.; Otaki Maori R.C.; Hororata R.C.; Tapanui R.C.
12 Masterton R.C.
16 Paeroa R.C.; Manawatu R.C.; Dunedin J.C.
23 Manawatu R.C.; Waipa R.C.
26 Manawatu R.C.; Dunedin J.C.; Taranaki J.C.; Auckland R.C.
27 Rotorua R.C.; South Canterbury J.C.
28 Auckland R.C.; Taranaki J.C.
30 South Canterbury J.C.; Wairarapa R.C.; Hawkes Bay J.C.

RIFLE SHOOTING

- 2 Levin club meeting, at Levin
3 Northern Hawkes Bay Association meeting, at Wairoa
26 North Island championships, at Putiki, Wanganui
27, 28 South Island championships, at West Melton, Canterbury
30 Southern Hawkes Bay championships, at Dannevirke

RUGBY

THE ALL BLACKS IN BRITAIN

- 2 v. WALES, at Cardiff
6 v. Midland Counties, at Moseley
8 v. North-east Counties, at Bradford
12 v. Edinburgh & Glasgow, at Glasgow
16 v. SCOTLAND, at Murrayfield
20 v. Southern Counties, at Oxford
26 v. Combined Services, at Twickenham
30 v. East Glamorgan XV, at Cardiff

SOFTBALL

- 16 or 23 Auckland v. Waikato, at Auckland
26 NEW ZEALAND INTER-PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP (Beatty Cup) opens, at Dunedin; NEW ZEALAND WOMEN'S INTER-PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP (Bensel Cup) opens, at Invercargill

SWIMMING

- 2 Preliminary rounds of national Teleprinter contest, in all centres
16 Centre finals of national Teleprinter contest, in all centres

TENNIS

- 15-17 Southland age-group championships, at Invercargill
16, 17 Wilding Shield (men's inter-provincial) and Nunneley Casket (women's inter-provincial) zone finals, in various centres
16-21 Auckland junior championships, at Auckland
17 Onny Parun (Wellington) v. Brian Fairlie (Auckland), special match, at Wellington
18-21 Hutt Valley junior championships, at Lower Hutt
26-29 Poverty Bay and East Coast championships, at Gisborne; South Wairarapa championships, at Martinborough
26-30 Qantas New Zealand junior championships (under-19), at Lower Hutt
26-31 North Shore Christmas junior tournament, at Devonport; Auckland championships, at Auckland; Taranaki championships, at Hawera
29-Jan. 2 Hawkes Bay and Hastings championships, at Hastings

TROTTING

- 2 New Brighton T.C.*
5 Waikato T.C.*
9 Thames T.C.*; Waimate T.C.
13 Invercargill T.C.
16 Thames T.C.*; Rangiora T.C.; Invercargill T.C.
23 Auckland T.C.*
26 Gore T.C.; Ashburton T.C.; Westport T.C.
27 Auckland T.C.*; Westport T.C.
29 Reefion T.C.
30 Auckland T.C.; Winton T.C.

* Night meeting

WATER POLO

- 8 New Zealand High Schools team leaves for Australia
27-29 New Zealand inter-club championship (Ryan Cup), at Upper Hutt

YACHTING

ONE-TON CUP CHAMPIONSHIP

- 9 First race, at Sydney
11 Second race, at Sydney
14 Third race, at Sydney
16 Fourth race, at Sydney
20 Fifth race, at Sydney

HALF-TON CUP CHAMPIONSHIP

- 10 First race, at Sydney
11 Second race, at Sydney
15 Third race, at Sydney
17 Fourth race, at Sydney

OCEAN RACING

- 26 Sydney to Hobart race commences, at Sydney (N.Z. yachts competing)

HERE ARE THE CARRY-OVERS

FIGHT FEMMES

(Continued from page 15)

management to a professional for she knew she could not get anywhere in the fight jungle as a woman handling a virtually unknown fighter.

Lew proved a terrific crowd-pleaser and in 1940 knocked out a fading Lew Ambers in three rounds for the lightweight championship of the world, holding the title for 19 months until outpointed by clever Sammy Angott.

First of these "Sweet Maids of the Fancy" to go on record was Grace Maddox, sister of a London Prize Ring bruiser named George Maddox. George was a remarkable man in several ways for he fought until he was 55. In 1876 he was involved in a long and desperate battle which he managed to win.

When the contest was over, his second jumped gleefully into the ring and challenged any man present. Unusual because Maddox's second was sister Grace, who tossed up her hat in defiance of the opposite sex!

Of course, the womenfolk have been seen among the fight crowds for many years, right back to the time Bob Fitzsimmons's wife, the actress Rose Julian, exhorted her spindly, balding, Cornish-born, New Zealand-bred husband to "hit 'im in the slats, Bob", a prelude to Fitz's sensational solar-plexus blow which won him the world heavyweight title (he was to win all three—the middle, light-heavy and heavy-weight) from the clever-stepping "Gentleman Jim" Corbett.

But generally, theirs has been a passive, supporting, encouraging role as women behind fighters. The femme who plays an active role in boxing, no matter what it is, is still looked on with a slightly jaundiced eye by the fancy.

DE VILLIERS' BOOK

(Continued from page 30)

and where the demonstrations became more violent, some of them felt that they did not want to continue with the tour.

The management thereupon phoned the South African Rugby Board, who said that it was for them to de-

cide whether they wanted to continue or not. A meeting of all the players was called at the Shamrock Inn, near Shannon, and after an open discussion it was decided to complete the tour.

The book tells the story of Dawie de Villiers, who rocketed to fame with an injury that, humanly speaking, should have prevented him from running on to a rugby field, how it took him two years to recover and how, in spite of doctors' orders, he started playing again, to lead South African rugby out of the wilderness.

The motto of Dawie de Villiers was always to make the game something to be enjoyed by the players and the spectators. It's a simple one but how difficult it can be, these days, to bring it to fruition.

MOTOR RACING YEAR

(Continued from page 49)

graphs might be a decided disadvantage. Further, at \$7.25 it is not cheap when one considers that the best annual on the market—*Automobile Year*—is only \$4 dearer and yet is a monumental volume covering a wider field and is chock-full of magnificent photographs.

Let me make it quite clear: this is a useful book. But it suffers by comparison with other annuals which give the whole picture for only a few dollars more.

OBSTRUCTION UNBELIEVABLE

(Continued from page 8)

yes, he tends to want to do too much on his own.

Fair enough criticism. And yet . . . You still have to knock Going over when he comes around the short side and his passing so far on the tour, anyway, has been infinitely sharper than in the past. In match after match, Going has been simply superb. So, as I write on the eve of their big test, how do the New All Blacks shape up? Better than hoped for, one must say, when one first saw them play at Cardiff. Since then there has been a steady and obvious improvement in the quality of the forward play while the backs still retain their dash and panache.

THEY HAVE HOPES, ONE FEELS, OF COMING UP WITH A SUCCESSFUL LONG-PLAYING RECORD.

CRICKET ANNUAL

(Continued from page 19)

of the New Zealand women's team, having passed through Customs, proudly exhibiting her mounted Springbok and Kangaroo heads while a patently embarrassed male New Zealand cricketer, his bag labelled 'From West Indies', assures a Customs examiner that he has "nothing to declare".

Bonuses are illustrated reports and scoresheets on the Australia v. The Rest of the World unofficial test series, the Currie Cup in South Africa and the Sheffield Shield in Australia.

Five 'Players of the Year' are named (Glenn Turner, Bevan Congdon, Bruce Taylor, Hedley Howarth and Ken Wadsworth), their selection obviously based on West Indies tour form.

This entertaining book falters only in the last few pages for although the editor, in his foreword, takes care to point out that "cricket publications can become a seething mass of statistics that lose readers", he is let down by his own statistician when it comes to the list of New Zealand representatives, which could be expected to round off the boo kto a nicety.

There are factual errors and inconsistencies in this list by the handful. The Wellington wicketkeeper Frank Mooney is listed as a New Zealand representative in 1953 and 1953 when most would know that 'Starlight' bowed out of the New Zealand side after the tour of South Africa in '53-54.

Nor did Roger Harris play for New Zealand as early as 1951. His only appearances in the New Zealand side were made against Peter May's Englishmen in 1958-59, but Harris is not credited with these.

Lawrie Miller, who first played for New Zealand in 1952-53 as a Central Districts representative, is credited only with his later Wellington affiliation; similarly, that province gets the sole credit for Artie Dick's New Zealand representation, and the genial Arthur came from the ranks of the Otago XI when first called to the national colours in 1951-52.

Bob Blair was with C.D. in 1955-56, in which season, among others, he played for New Zealand, but this affiliation is not shown. Nor is Wallie Hadlee's year with Otago, when he first captained New Zealand (against Australia). And John Reid's Otago season.

Yet numerous others who were New Zealand representatives while with several pro-

vinces duly have them credited . . . Bruce Taylor, Richard Collinge, Roger Blunt and so on.

The compiler appears unable to decide how to regard the southern hemisphere season, which spans the latter months of the one year and the early ones of the next. Should it be shown as, for instance, 1970 if it's the 1970-71 season—or as 1971?

There are numerous inconsistencies here. As one example, Joe Ongley, who played for New Zealand only in 1938-39, is shown as a 1939 representative. But Eric Fisher, who played only in 1952-53, is shown as 1952 rather than 1953.

John Reid's name does not have 1956 appended to it but as the great all-rounder actually was a representative both in 1955-56 (on the Eastern tour and at home against the West Indies) and in 1956-57 (against the Australians), it would seem that 1956 must be shown, whichever way one looks at it.

There are many such examples, including that of Bert Sutcliffe, who played in the same two seasons alongside Reid and against whose name 1956 similarly is missing.

Among the crop of lesser errors are incorrect initials (I. M. Sinclair, gets E.M., G. P. Bilby gets G.B.) and incorrect spelling of surnames (Keith Thomson appears as Thompson, Arthur Alloo as Aloo, A. M. Labatt as Labbatt and the old New Zealand billiards champion and representative cricketer Harry Siedeburg as Siedeburg).

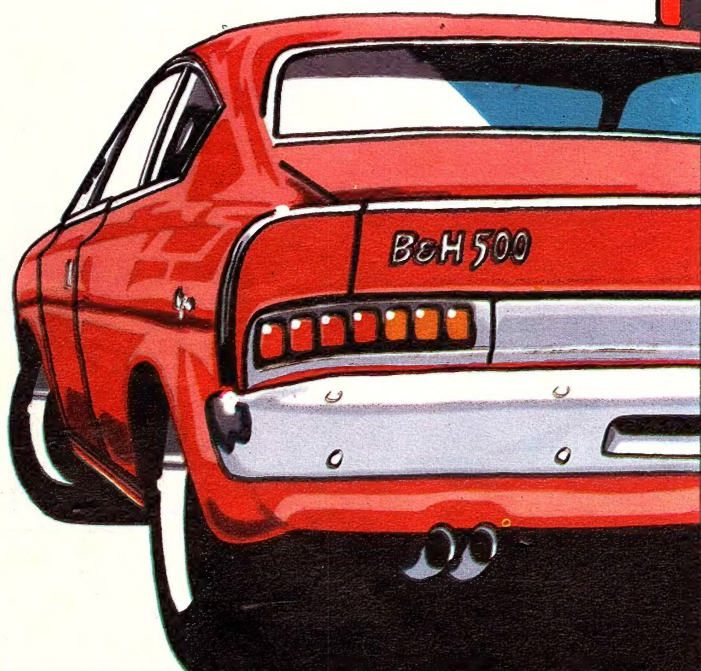
Richard Hadlee can perhaps count himself fortunate to be included in the New Zealand list for his older brother Barry, who like Richard has played his only cricket for New Zealand as a member of the second eleven which last season participated briefly in the Australian knockout one-day series, curiously enough, is omitted.

For all that, and having regard for what we feel will be editor Howitt's determination to obtain his statistics from impeccably authoritative sources for his next edition of the annual (for there is a clearly established place for the statistic in cricket and there's nary a cricket fan yet born who'll settle for inaccuracy in this regard), we can unreservedly recommend the *New Zealand Cricket Annual*.

As with its rugby predecessor, it is conceived, written, illustrated and laid out in a manner both dad and the boys can appreciate and enjoy, and we would recommend it as an ideal Christmas gift from one to the other.

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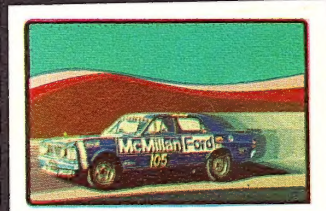
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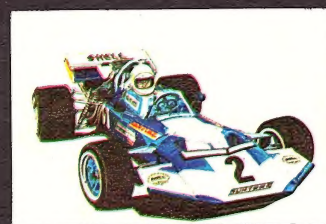
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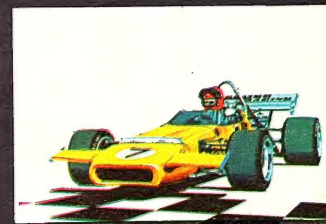
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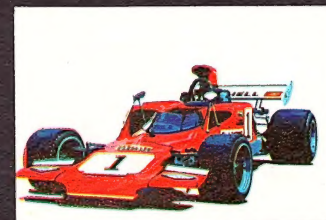
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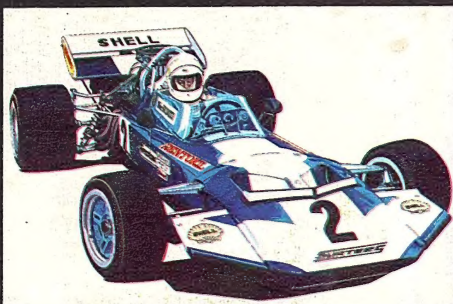
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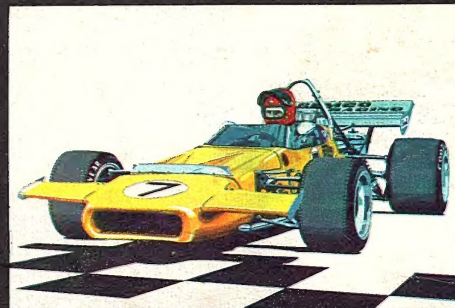
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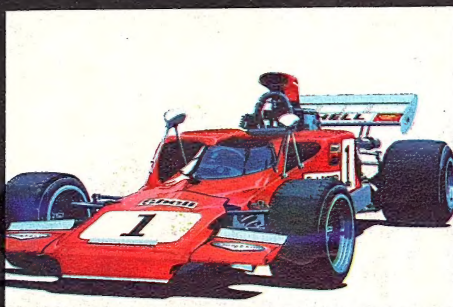
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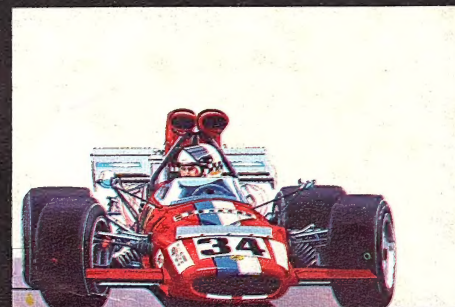
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